

I

OF STUDIES

FRANCIS BACON

Studies serve for delight, for ornament, and for ability. Their chief use for delight, is in privateness and retiring, for ornament is in discourse, and for ability, is in the judgement and disposition of business. For expert men can execute, and perhaps judge of particulars, one by one, but the general counsels, and the plots and marshalling of affairs, come best from those that are learned. To spend too much time in studies is sloth; to use them too much for ornament, is affectation; to make judgement wholly by their rules, is the humour of a scholar. They perfect nature and are-perfected by experience: for natural abilities are like natural plants that need proyning by study; and studies themselves do give forth directions too much at large, except they be bounded in by experience. Crafty men contemn studies; simple men admire them; and wise men use them: for they teach not their own use; but that is a wisdom without them, and above them, won by observation.

Read not to contradict and confute, nor to believe and take for granted, nor to find talk and discourse; but to weigh and consider. Some books are to be tasted, others to be swallowed, and some few to be chewed and digested, that is some books are to be read only in parts; others to be read but not curiously, and some to be read wholly and

with diligence and action. Some books also may be read by deputy, and extracts made of them by others, but that would be only in the less important arguments and the meaner sort of books, else distilled books are like common distilled waters, flashy things.

Reading maketh a full man; conference a ready man; and writing an exact man. And therefore if man write little, he had need have a great memory; if he confer little, he had need have a present wit, and if he read little, he had need have much cunning, to seem to know that he doth not.

Histories make man wise, poets witty; the mathematics subtle; natural philosophy deep; moral grave; logic and rhetoric able to contend. *Abeunt studia n mores.* (Studies pass into the character). Nay there is no stand or impediment in the wit, but may be wrought out by fit studies: like as diseases of the body may have appropriate exercise. Bowling is good for the stone and reins, shooting for the lungs and breast, gentle walking for the stomach; riding for the head, and the like. So if a man's wit be wandering, let him study the mathematics, for in demonstration if his wit be called away never so little, he must begin again. If his wit be not apt to distinguish or find differences, let him study the schoolmen; for they are *cymini sectores*. If he be not apt to beat over matters, and to call up one thing to prove and illustrate another, let him study the lawyer's cases. So every defect of the mind may have a special receipt.

Notes

FRANCIS BACON (1561-1626), "the brightest, wisest and meanest of mankind", is known as the father of the English essay and the father of modern English prose. He was a voluminous writer. His chief English works are *The Essays*, *The Advancement of Learning*, *The History of*

Henry VIII and *The New Atlantis*. His essays mostly deal with the ethical qualities of men or with matters pertaining to the the government of state. They are full of practical wisdom of life. His style is aphoristic, formal, impersonal and informative. They are full of quotable quotes.

In the present essay Bacon describes the advantages of studies. This is one of his most popular essays. Studies give pleasure, embellish our conversation and augment our practical abilities. Learned men are superior to professional men as they are better in planning, laying down of policies, and overall arrangement. But Bacon is aware of the fact that it is through practical experience alone that one can learn the right use of books. Different men view studies differently. Bacon also lays down the correct method of study. Reading, writing, and conversation are all necessary to perfect and develop the powers of a man. A study of different subjects carries with it different advantages. Studies cure mental ailments or defects just as certain sports and exercises cure specific physical ailments.

Glossary

serve for delight: give pleasure.

for ornament: add colour and spice to conversation.

privateness and retiring: books give pleasure when one is alone without company.

for ornament, is in discourse: a learned man can make his conversation interesting and charming by using quotations, illustrations, etc. from books.

disposition: execution; management.

business: day to day affairs of life.

particulars: specific matters; details of a matter.

the general counsels: general advice.

plots: planning.

marshalling of affairs: overall planning or arrangement.

sloth: laziness.

affectation: pedantry; show of knowledge.

humour: whim, eccentricity.

natural abilities: innate or inborn qualities.

natural plants: wild plants.

proyning: trimming; pruning.

directions: guidance; advice.

too much at large: very general in nature; vague.

contemn: condemn.

simple men: fools.

admire: wonder.

without them: outside of books.

contradict: oppose.

confute: prove wrong or false.

nor to find talk and discourse: not to merely find matter in them for conversation and discussion.

are to be tasted: read not wholly but in parts.

to be swallowed: read hurriedly.

to be chewed and digested: read with care and attention; thoroughly.

curiously: carefully.

read by deputy: read through a summary prepared by another.

the meaner sort of books: ordinary books.

else: otherwise.

distilled books: books whose summaries have been prepared by others.

flashy things: tasteless.

a full man: knowledgeable or learned man.

conference: discussion; talk.

a ready man: a man with wit.

he had need have a present wit: quick-witted.

histories: the study of history.

subtle: deep, profound.

moral, grave: moral philosophy makes a man sober and profound.

natural philosophy: natural sciences like physics, chemistry.

deep: wise; profound.

logic: the science or art of reasoning.

rhetoric: the art of good speaking and writing.

contend: argue.

abeunt studia in mores: studies pass into the character.

Character is moulded by what one reads.

stand: hindrance; wit; mind.

wrought out: cured; fit; proper.

bowl: a heavy, wooden ball rolled along smooth, short grass in a game called bowls.

stones and reins: presence of stones in the kidneys and the bladder.

reins: kidneys.

if a man's wit be wandering: if a man cannot concentrate.

wit: intelligence.

the schoolmen: philosophers in the Middle Ages.

cymini sectores: hair-splitters.

receipt: remedy.

Exercises

1. Elucidate the following:

✓ (a) "Studies serve for delight, for ornament, and for ability."

~ (b) "To spend too much time in studies is sloth; to use them too much for ornament, is affectation; to make judgement wholly by their rules, is the humour of a scholar."

(c) "Crafty men condemn studies, simple men admire them, and wise men use them."

✓ (d) "Some books are to be tasted, others to be swallowed, and some few to be chewed and digested."



Chinua Achebe

CIVIL PEACE

Chinua Achebe (1930), Nigerian novelist, poet, short story writer and essayist, was educated at Umuchia and Abadan. His novels all written in English including *Things Fall Apart* (1958) and *A Man of the People* (1966) describe inter-tribal and inter-racial tensions in pre- and post-colonial Nigerian society as well as traditional African society in confrontation with European customs and values. In 1966 he became involved in the war between Biafra and the rest of Nigeria, and devoted most of his time thereafter to politics and education, producing no more fiction until *Anthills of the Savannah* (1987). Achebe won the Nobel Prize for literature in 1989.

In this story, Chinua Achebe describes how a family, with its hard work and patience, manages to settle itself after it had lost everything in the war.

Jonathan Iwegbu counted himself extra-ordinarily 1
lucky. "Happy survival" meant so much more to him
than just a current fashion of greeting old friends in
the first hazy days of peace. It went deep to his heart.
He had come out of the war with five inestimable
blessings—his head, his wife Maria's head and the
heads of three out of their four children. As a bonus
he also had his old bicycle—a miracle too but naturally
not to be compared to the safety of five human heads.

The bicycle had a little history of its own. One day 2
at the height of the war it was commandeered "for
urgent military action." Hard as its loss would have
been to him he would still have let it go without a
thought had he not had some doubts about the
genuineness of the officer. It wasn't his disreputable
rags, nor the toes peeping out of one blue and one

brown canvas shoe, nor yet the two stars of his rank done obviously in a hurry in biro, that troubled Jonathan; many good and heroic soldiers looked the same or worse. It was rather a certain lack of grip and firmness in his manner. So Jonathan, suspecting he might be amenable to influence, rummaged in his raffia bag and produced the two pounds with which he had been going to buy firewood which his wife, Maria, retailed to camp officials for extra stock-fish and corn meal, and got his bicycle back. That night he buried it in the little clearing in the bush where the dead of the camp, including his own youngest son, were buried. When he dug it up again a year later after the surrender all it needed was a little palm-oil greasing. "Nothing puzzles God," he said in wonder.

He put it to immediate use as a taxi and accumulated a small pile of Biafran money ferrying camp officials and their families across the four-mile stretch to the nearest tarred road. His standard charge per trip was six pounds and those who had the money were only glad to be rid of some of it in this way. At the end of a fortnight he had made a small fortune of one hundred and fifteen pounds. 3

Then he made the journey to Enugu and found another miracle waiting for him. It was unbelievable. He rubbed his eyes and looked again and it was still standing there before him. But, needless to say, even that monumental blessing must be accounted also totally inferior to the five heads in the family. This newest miracle was his little house in Ogui Overside. Indeed nothing puzzles God! Only two houses away a huge concrete edifice some wealthy contractor had put up just before the war was a mountain of rubble. And here was Jonathan's little zinc house of no regrets 4

built with mud blocks, quite intact! Of course the doors and windows were missing and five sheets off the roof. But what was that? And anyhow he had returned to Enugu early enough to pick up bits of old zinc and wood and soggy sheets of cardboard lying around the neighbourhood before thousands more came out of their forest holes looking for the same things. He got a destitute carpenter with one old hammer, a blunt plane and a few bent and rusty nails in his tool bag to turn this assortment of wood, paper and metal into door and window shutters for five Nigerian shillings or fifty Biafran pounds. He paid the pounds, and moved in with his overjoyed family carrying five heads on their shoulders.

His children picked mangoes near the military 5 cemetery and sold them to soldiers' wives for a few pennies—real pennies this time—and his wife started making breakfast akara balls for neighbours in a hurry to start life again. With his family earnings he took his bicycle to the villages around and bought fresh palm-wine which he mixed generously in his rooms with the water which had recently started running again in the public tap down the road, and opened up a bar for soldiers and other lucky people with good 5 money.

At first he went daily, then every other day and 6 finally once a week, to the offices of the Coal Corporation where he used to be a miner, to find out what was what. The only thing he did find out in the end was that that little house of his was even a greater blessing than he had thought. Some of his fellow ex-miners who had nowhere to return at the end of the day's waiting just slept outside the doors of the offices and cooked what meal they could scrounge together

in Bournvita tins. As the weeks lengthened and still nobody could say what was what Jonathan discontinued his weekly visits altogether and faced his palm-wine bar.

But nothing puzzles God. Came the day of the windfall when after five days of endless scuffles in queues and counterqueues in the sun outside the Treasury he had twenty pounds counted into his palms as *ex-gratia* award for the rebel money he had turned in. It was like Christmas for him and for many others like him when the payments began. They called it (since few could manage its proper official name) *egg-rasher*. 7

As soon as the pound notes were placed in his palm Jonathan simply closed it tight over them and buried fist and money inside his trouser pocket. He had to be extra careful because he had seen a man a couple of days earlier collapse into near-madness in an instant before that oceanic crowd because no sooner had he got his twenty pounds than some heartless ruffian picked it off him. Though it was not right that a man in such an extremity of agony should be blamed yet many in the queues that day were able to remark quietly at the victim's carelessness, especially after he pulled out the innards of his pocket and reveals a hole in it big enough to pass a thief's head. But of course he had insisted that the money had been in the other pocket, pulling it out too to show its comparative wholeness. So one had to be careful. 8

Jonathan soon transferred the money to his left hand and pocket so as to leave his right free for shaking hands should the need arise, though by fixing his gaze at such an elevation as to miss all approaching human faces he made sure that the need did not arise, until 9

he got home.

He was normally a heavy sleeper but that night he 10 heard all the neighbourhood noises die down one after another. Even the night watchman who knocked the hour on some metal somewhere in the distance had fallen silent after knocking one o'clock. That must have been the last thought in Jonathan's mind before he was finally carried away himself. He couldn't have been gone for long, though, when he was violently awakened again.

"Who is knocking?" whispered his wife lying beside 11 him on the floor.

"I don't know," he whispered back breathlessly. 12

The second time the knocking came it was so loud 13 and imperious that the rickety old door could have fallen down.

"Who is knocking?" he asked them, his voice 14 parched and trembling.

"Na tief-man and him people," came the cool reply. 15 "Make you hopen de door." This was followed by the heaviest knocking of all.

Maria was the first to raise the alarm, then he 16 followed and all their children.

"Police-o! Thieves-o! Neighbours-o! Police-o! We 17 are lost! We are dead! Neighbours, are you asleep? Wake up! Police-o!"

This went on for a long time and then stopped 18 suddenly. Perhaps they had scared the thief away. There was total silence. But only for a short while.

"You done finish?" asked the voice outside. "Make 19 we help you small. Oya, everybody!"

"Police-o! Tief-man-so! Neighbours-o! We done loss- 20 o! Police-o!..."

There were at least five other voices besides the 21

leader's.

Jonathan and his family were now completely 22
paralysed by terror. Maria and the children sobbed
inaudibly like lost souls. Jonathan groaned
continuously.

The silence that followed the thieves' alarm vibrated 23
horribly. Jonathan all but begged their leader to speak
again and be done with it.

"My frien," said he at long last, "we don try our best 24
for call dem but I tink say dem all done sleep-o. . . So
wetin we go do now? Sometaim you wan call soja? Or
you wan make we call dem for you? Soja better pass
police. No be so?"

"Na so!" replied his men. Jonathan thought he 25
heard even more voices now than before and groaned
heavily. His legs were sagging under him and his
throat felt like sandpaper.

"My frien, why you no de talk again. I de ask you 26
say wan make we call soja?"

"No." 27

"Awrighto. Now make we talk business. We no be 28
bad tief. We no like for make trouble. Trouble done
finish. War done finish and all the katakata wey de
for inside. No Civil War again. This time na Civil
Peace. No be so?"

"Na so!" answered the horrible chorus. 29

"What do you want from me? I am a poor man. 30
Everything I had went with this war. Why do you
come to me? You know people who have money.
We . . ."

"Awright! We know say you no get plenty money. 31
But we sef no get even anini. So derefore make you
open dis window and give us one hundred pound and
we go commot. Orderwise we de come for inside now

to show you guitar-boy like dis . . ."

A volley of automatic fire rang through the sky. 32
Maria and the children began to weep aloud again.

"Ah, missisi de cry again. No need for dat. We 33
done talk say we na good tief. We just take our small
money and go nwayorly. No molest. Abi we de molest?"

"At all!" sang the chorus. 34

"My friends," began Jonathan hoarsely. "I hear what 35
you say and I thank you. If I had one hundred
pounds . . ."

"Lookia my frien, no be play we come play for your 36
house. If we make mistake and step for inside you no
go like am-o. So derefore . . ."

"To God who made me; if you come inside and find 37
one hundred pounds, take it and shoot me and shoot
my wife and children. I swear to God. The only money
I have in this life is this twenty-pounds egg-rasher they
gave me today . . ."

"Ok. Time de go. Make you open dis window and 38
bring the twenty pound. We go manage am like dat."

There were now loud murmurs of dissent among 39
the chorus: "Na lie de man de lie; e get plenty money
. . . Make we go inside and search properly well . . .
Wetin be twenty pound? . . ."

"Shurrap!" rang the leader's voice like a lone shot 40
in the sky and silenced the murmuring at once. "Are
you dere? Bring the money quick!"

"I am coming," said Jonathan fumbling in the 41
darkness with the key of the small wooden box he
kept by his side on the mat.

At the first sign of light as neighbours and others 42
assembled to commiserate with him he was already
strapping his five-gallon demijohn to his bicycle carrier

and his wife, sweating in the open fire, was turning over akara balls in a wide clay bowl of boiling oil. In the corner his eldest son was rinsing out dregs of yesterday's palm-wine from old beer bottles.

"I count it as nothing," he told his sympathizers, ⁴³ his eyes on the rope he was tying. "What is egg-rasher? Did I depend on it last week? Or is it greater than other things that went with the war? I say, let egg-rasher perish in the flames! Let it go where everything else has gone. Nothing puzzles God."

Glossary

<i>inestimable</i>	great or precious to be estimated; the value of which cannot be estimated
<i>commandeered</i>	seize for military purposes
<i>biro</i>	a kind of ball-point pen
<i>amenable to influence</i>	willing to be guided or controlled by some influence
<i>rummaged</i>	searched by turning things over or disarranging them
<i>raffia bag</i>	a bag made from the soft fibre from the leaves of a palm tree
<i>retailed</i>	sold
<i>ferrying</i>	transporting, carrying
<i>soggy</i>	sodden, very wet
<i>scrounge</i>	borrow; get without paying
<i>windfall</i>	a piece of unexpected good fortune, especially a sum of money acquired
<i>scuffle</i>	a confused struggle; not from legal or other obligation
<i>innards</i>	(the stomach and bowels); here, the inside (of his pocket)
<i>commiserate</i>	express pity for; sympathize
<i>demijohn</i>	a large bottle, often in a wicker case.
<i>rinsing out</i>	washing out

Discussion Questions

1. Other than being a fashionable greeting, what is meant by "Happy survival"?
2. Mr. Jonathan Iwegbu's bicycle is important to him and to his family and having it is a miracle. Also the intactness of his house is miraculous. What two possessions of yours do you

- consider very important in your life? Why?
3. Describe the character of the Iwegbu family. What kind of people do you think they are? Why?
 4. What is meant by the phrase "Nothing puzzles God"? What would be a similar expression in Nepali?
 5. Why do you think the author gave the dialogue with the thieves in quoted, conversational passages rather than in the narrative form as the other parts of the story? What effect does it have on your perception of this part of the story?
 6. What is the significance of the term "Civil Peace"? What does it imply?
 7. How does the leader of the thieves distinguish good thieves from bad thieves? Why do you think he makes this distinction?
 8. In your own words, what is Mr. Jonathan Iwegbu's philosophy of life? How does he approach and deal with good situations and bad situations?

THE LADY WITH THE DOG

Anton Chekhov

I
It was said that a new person had appeared on the sea-front: a lady with a little dog. Dmitri Dmitritch Gurov, who had by then been a fortnight at Yalta, and so was fairly at home there, had begun to take an interest in new arrivals. Sitting in Verney's pavilion, he saw, walking on the sea-front, a fair-haired young lady of medium height, wearing a beret; a white Pomeranian dog was running behind her.



And afterwards he met her in the public gardens and in the square several times a day. She was walking alone, always wearing the same beret, and always with the same white dog; no one knew who she was, and everyone called her simply "the lady with the dog."

"If she is here alone without a husband or friends, it wouldn't be amiss to make her acquaintance," Gurov reflected.

He was under forty, but he had a daughter already twelve years old, and two sons at school. He married young, when he was a student in his second year, and by now his wife seemed half as old again as he. She was a tall, erect woman with dark eyebrows, stately and dignified, and, as she said of herself, intellectual. She read a great deal, used phonetic spelling, called her husband, not Dmitri, but Dimitri, and he secretly considered her unintelligent, narrow, inelegant, was afraid of her, and did not like to be at home. He had begun being unfaithful to her long ago—had been unfaithful to her often, and, probably on that account, almost always spoke ill of women, and when they were talked about in his presence, used to call them "the inferior race."

It seemed to him that he had been so schooled by bitter experience that he might call them what he liked, and yet he could not get on for two days together without "the inferior race." In the society of men he was bored and not himself, with them he was cold and uncommunicative; but when he was in the company of women he felt free, and knew what to say to them and how to behave; and he was at ease with them even when he was silent. In his appearance, in his character, in his whole nature, there was something attractive and elusive which allured women and disposed them in his favour; he knew that, and some force seemed to draw him, too, to them.



Experience often repeated, truly bitter experience, had taught him long ago that with decent people, especially Moscow people—always slow to move and irresolute—every

intimacy, which at first so agreeably diversifies life and appears a light and charming adventure, inevitably grows into a regular problem of extreme intricacy, and in the long run the situation becomes unbearable. But at every fresh meeting with an interesting woman this experience seemed to slip out of his memory, and he was eager for life, and everything seemed simple and amusing.

One evening he was dining in the gardens, and the lady in the beret came up slowly to take the next table. Her expression, her gait, her dress, and the way she did her hair told him that she belonged to the upper class, that she was married, that she was in Yalta for the first time and alone, and that she was bored there. . . . The stories told of the immorality in such places as Yalta are to a great extent untrue; he despised them, and knew that such stories were for the most part made up by persons who would themselves have been glad to sin if they had been able; but when the lady sat down at the next table three paces from him, he remembered these tales of easy conquests, of trips to the mountains, and the tempting thought of a swift, fleeting love affair, a romance with an unknown woman, whose name he did not know, suddenly took possession of him.

He beckoned coaxingly to the Pomeranian, and when the dog came up to him he shook his finger at it. The Pomeranian growled, Gurov shook his finger at it again.

The lady glanced at him and at once dropped her eyes.

"He doesn't bite," she said, and blushed.

"May I give him a bone?" he asked, and when she nodded he asked courteously, "Have you been long in Yalta?"

"Five days."

"And I have already dragged out a fortnight here."

There was a brief silence.

"Time goes fast, and yet it is so dull here!" she said, not looking at him.

"That's only the fashion to say . . . is dull here. A provincial will live in Belyov or Zhidra and not be bored, and when he .

comes here it's 'Oh, the dullness! Oh, the dust!' One would think he came from Granada."

She laughed. Then both continued eating in silence, like strangers, but after dinner they walked side by side; and there sprang up between them the light jesting conversation of people who are free and satisfied, to whom it does not matter where they go or what they talk about. They walked and talked of the strange light on the sea: the water was of a soft warm lilac hue, and there was a golden streak from the moon upon it. They talked of how sultry it was after a hot day. Gurov told her that he came from Moscow, that he had taken his degree in languages and literature, but had a post in a bank; that he had trained as an opera-singer, but had given it up, that he owned two houses in Moscow. . . . And from her he learnt that she had grown up in Petersburg, but had lived in S— since her marriage two years before, that she was staying another month in Yalta, and that her husband, who needed a holiday too, might perhaps come and fetch her. She was not sure whether her husband had a post in a Crown-Department or under the Provincial Council—and was amused by her own ignorance. And Gurov learnt, too, that she was called Anna Sergeyevna.

Afterwards he thought about her in his room at the hotel—thought she would certainly meet him the next day; it would be sure to happen. As he got into bed he thought how lately she had been a girl at school, doing lessons like his own daughter; he recalled the diffidence, the angularity, that was still manifest in her laugh and her manner of talking with a stranger. This must have been the first time in her life she had been alone in surroundings in which she was followed, looked at, and spoken to merely from a secret motive which she could hardly fail to guess. He recalled her slender, delicate neck, her lovely grey eyes.

"There's something pathetic about her, anyway," he thought, and fell asleep.

A week had passed since they had struck up an acquaintance. It was a holiday. It was sultry indoors, while in the street the wind whirled the dust round and round, and blew people's hats off. One was thirsty all day, and Gurov often went into a restaurant, pressing Anna Sergeyevna to have a soft drink or ice cream. One did not know what to do with oneself.

In the evening when the wind had abated a little, they went out on to the pier to watch the steamer come in. Many people were walking about the dock; they had gathered to welcome someone, bringing bouquets. And two peculiarities of a well-dressed Yalta crowd were very conspicuous: the elderly ladies were dressed like young ones, and there were many generals.

Owing to the roughness of the sea, the steamer arrived late, after the sun had set, and it was a long time turning about before it put in at the pier. Anna Sergeyevna looked through her lorgnette at the steamer and the passengers as though looking for acquaintances, and when she turned to Gurov her eyes were shining. She talked a great deal and asked disconnected questions, forgetting next moment what she had asked; then she dropped her lorgnette in the crush.

The festive crowd began to disperse; it was too dark to see people's faces. The wind had died down, but Gurov and Anna Sergeyevna still stood as though waiting to see someone else come from the steamer. Anna Sergeyevna was silent now, and sniffed the flowers without looking at Gurov.

"The weather is better this evening," he said. "Where shall we go now? Shall we drive somewhere?"

She made no answer.

Then he looked at her intently, and all at once put his arm round her and kissed her on the lips, and breathed in the moisture and the fragrance of the flowers; and he immediately looked round him, anxiously wondering whether anyone had seen them.

"Let us go to your hotel," he said softly. And both walked quickly.

The room was close and smelt of the scent she had bought at the Japanese shop. Gurov looked at her and thought: "What different people one meets in the world!" From the past he carried memories of careless, good-natured women, who loved cheerfully and were grateful to him for the happiness he gave them, however brief it might be; and of women like his wife who loved without any genuine feeling, with superfluous phrases, affectedly, hysterically, with an expression that suggested that it was not love nor passion, but something more significant; and of two or three others, very beautiful, cold women, on whose faces he had caught a glimpse of a rapacious expression—an obstinate desire to snatch from life more than it could give, and these were capricious, unreflecting, domineering, unintelligent women not in their first youth, and when Gurov grew cold to them their beauty aroused his hatred, and the lace on their linen seemed to him like scales.

But in this case there was still the diffidence, the angularity of inexperienced youth, an awkward feeling; and there was a sense of consternation as though someone had suddenly knocked at the door. The attitude of Anna Sergeyevna—"the lady with the dog"—to what had happened was somehow peculiar, very grave, as though it were her fall—so it seemed, and it was strange and inappropriate. Her face drooped and faded, and on both sides of it her long hair hung down mournfully; she mused in a dejected attitude like "the woman who was a sinner" in an old fashioned picture. . . . *disrespect,*

"It's wrong," she said. "You will be the first to despise me now."

There was a watermelon on the table. Gurov cut himself a slice and began eating it without haste. There followed at least half an hour of silence.

Anna Sergeyevna was touching; there was about her the purity of a good, simple woman who had seen little of life. The solitary candle burning on the table threw faint light on her face, yet it was clear that she was very unhappy.

"How could I despise you?" asked Gurov. "You don't know what you are saying."

"God forgive me," she said, and her eyes filled with tears. "It's awful."

"You seem to feel you need to be forgiven."

"Forgiven? No. I am a bad, low woman; I despise myself and don't attempt to justify myself. It's not my husband but myself I have deceived. And not only just now; I have been deceiving myself for a long time. My husband may be a good, honest man, but he is a flunkey¹! I don't know what he does there, what his work is, but I know he is a flunkey! I was twenty when I was married to him. I have been tormented by curiosity; I wanted something better. 'There must be a different sort of life,' I said to myself. I wanted to live! To live, to live! . . . I was fired by curiosity . . . you don't understand it, but, I swear to God, I could not control myself; something happened to me: I could not be restrained. I told my husband I was ill, and came here. . . . And here I have been walking about as though I were dazed, like a mad creature; . . . and now I have become a vulgar, contemptible woman whom anyone may despise."

Gurov felt bored already, listening to her. He was irritated by the naive tone, by this remorse; so unexpected and inopportune; but for the tears in her eyes, he might have thought she was jesting or playing a part.

"I don't understand," he said softly. "What is it you want?"

She hid her face on his breast and pressed close to him.

"Believe me, believe me, I beseech you . . ." she said. "I love a pure, honest life, and sin is loathsome to me. I don't know what I am doing. Simple people say: 'The Evil One has beguiled me.' And I may say of myself now that the Evil One has beguiled me."

"Hush, hush! . . ." he muttered.

1. *Flunkey*: A subservient yes-man.

He looked at her fixed, scared eyes, kissed her, talked softly and affectionately, and by degrees she was comforted, and her gaiety returned; they both began laughing.

Afterwards when they went out, there was not a soul on the sea-front. The town with its cypresses looked dead, but the sea still broke noisily on the shore; a single barge was rocking on the waves, and a lantern was blinking sleepily on it.

They found a cab and drove to Oreanda.

"I found out your surname in the hall just now: it was written on the board—Von Diderits," said Gurov. "Is your husband a German?"

"No; I believe his grandfather was a German, but he is an Orthodox Russian himself."

At Oreanda they sat on a bench not far from the church, looked down at the sea, and were silent. Yalta was hardly visible through the morning mist; white clouds stood motionless on the mountain-tops. The leaves did not stir on the trees, crickets chirped, and the monotonous hollow sound of the sea, rising up from below, spoke of the peace, of the eternal sleep awaiting us. So it must have sounded when there was no Yalta, no Oreanda here; so it sounds now; and it will sound as indifferently and monotonously when we are all no more. And in this constancy, in this complete indifference to the life and death of each of us, there lies hid, perhaps, a pledge of our eternal salvation, of the unceasing movement of life upon earth, of unceasing progress towards perfection. Sitting beside a young woman who in the dawn seemed so lovely, soothed and spellbound in these magical surroundings—the sea, mountains, clouds, the wide open sky—Gurov thought how in reality everything is beautiful in this world when one reflects: everything except what we think or do ourselves when we forget our human dignity and the higher aims of our existence.

A man walked up to them—probably a guard—looked at them and walked away. And this detail seemed mysterious and beautiful, too. They saw a steamer come from Theodosia, with its lights out in the glow of dawn.

"There is dew on the grass," said Anna Sergeyevna, after a silence.

"Yes. It's time to go home."

They went back to the town.

Then they met every day at twelve o'clock on the sea-front, lunched and dined together, went for walks, admired the sea. She complained that she slept badly, that her heart throbbed violently; asked the same questions, troubled now by jealousy and now by the fear that he did not respect her sufficiently. And often in the square or gardens, when there was no one near them, he suddenly drew her to him and kissed her passionately. Complete idleness, these kisses in broad daylight while he looked round in dread of someone's seeing them, the heat, the smell of the sea, and the continual passing to and fro before him of idle, well-dressed, well-fed people, made a new man of him; he told Anna Sergeyevna how beautiful she was, how fascinating. He was impatiently passionate, he would not move a step away from her, while she was often pensive and continually urged him to confess that he did not respect her, did not love her in the least, and thought of her as nothing but a common woman. Rather late almost every evening they drove somewhere out of town, to Oreanda or to the waterfall; and the expedition was always a success, the scenery invariably impressed them as grand and beautiful.

They were expecting her husband to come, but a letter came from him, saying that there was something wrong with his eyes, and he entreated his wife to come home as quickly as possible. Anna Sergeyevna made haste to go.

"It's a good thing I am going away," she said to Gurov. "It's the hand of fate!"

She went by coach and he went with her. They drove the whole day. When she had got into a compartment of the express, and when the second bell had rung, she said:

"Let me look at you once more . . . look at you once again. That's right."

She did not shed tears, but was so sad that she seemed ill, and her face was quivering.

"I shall remember you . . . think of you," she said. "God be with you; be happy. Don't remember evil against me. We are parting forever—it must be so, for we ought never to have met. Well, God be with you."

The train moved off rapidly, its lights soon vanished from sight, and a minute later there was no sound of it, as though everything had conspired together to end as quickly as possible that sweet delirium, that madness. Left alone on the platform, and gazing into the dark distance, Gurov listened to the chirping of the crickets and the hum of the telegraph wires, feeling as though he had only just waked up. And he thought, musing, that there had been another episode or adventure in his life, and it, too, was at an end, and nothing was left of it but a memory. . . . He was moved, sad, and conscious of a slight remorse. This young woman whom he would never meet again had not been happy with him; he was genuinely warm and affectionate with her, but yet in his manner, his tone, and his caresses there had been a shade of light irony, the coarse condescension of a happy man who was, besides, almost twice her age. All the time she had called him kind, exceptional, lofty; obviously he had seemed to her different from what he really was, so he had unintentionally deceived her. . . .

Here at the station was already a scent of autumn; it was a cold evening.

"It's time for me to go north," thought Gurov as he left the platform. "High time!"

III

At home in Moscow everything was in its winter routine; the furnace was heated, and in the morning it was still dark when the children were having breakfast and getting ready for school, and the nanny would light the lamp for a short time. The frosts had begun already. When the first snow falls, on

the first day of sleigh-riding, it is pleasant to see the white earth, the white roofs; one draws soft, delicious breaths, and the season brings back the days of one's youth. The old limes and birches, white with hoar-frost, have a good-natured expression; they are nearer to one's heart than cypresses and palms, and near them one doesn't want to think of the sea and the mountains.

Gurov was Moscow born; he arrived in Moscow on a fine frosty day, and when he put on his fur coat and warm gloves, and walked along Petrovka, and when on Saturday evening he heard the ringing of the bells, his recent trip and the places he had seen lost all charm for him. Little by little he became absorbed in Moscow life, greedily read three newspapers a day, and declared he did not read the Moscow papers on principle! He already felt a longing to go to restaurants, clubs, dinner-parties, anniversary celebrations, and he felt flattered at entertaining distinguished lawyers and artists, and at playing cards with a professor at the doctors' club. He could already eat a whole plateful of salt fish and cabbage. . . .

In another month, he fancied, the image of Anna Sergeyevna would be shrouded in a mist in his memory, and only from time to time would visit him in his dreams with a touching smile as others did. But more than a month passed, real winter had come, and everything was still clear in his memory as though he had parted with Anna Sergeyevna only the day before. And his memories glowed more and more vividly. When in the evening stillness he heard from his study the voices of his children, preparing their lessons, or when he listened to a song or to an organ playing in a restaurant, or when the storm howled in the chimney, suddenly everything would rise up in his memory: what had happened on the pier, and the early morning with the mist on the mountains, and the steamer coming from Theodosia, and the kisses. He would pace a long time about his room, remembering it all and smiling; then his memories passed into dreams, and in his fancy the past was mingled with what was to come. Anna

Sergeyevna did not visit him in dreams, but followed him about everywhere like a shadow and haunted him. When he shut his eyes he saw her as though she were standing before him, and she seemed to him lovelier, younger, tenderer than she had been; and he imagined himself finer than he had been in Yalta. In the evenings she peeped out at him from the bookcase, from the fireplace, from the corner—he heard her breathing, the caressing rustle of her dress. In the streets he watched the women, looking for someone like her.

He was tormented by an intense desire to confide his memories to someone. But in his home it was impossible to talk of his love, and he had no one outside; he could not talk to his tenants nor to anyone at the bank. And what had he to talk about? Had he been in love, then? Had there been anything beautiful, poetical, edifying or simply interesting in his relations with Anna Sergeyevna? And there was nothing for him but to talk vaguely of love, of women, and no one guessed what it meant; only his wife twitched her black eyebrows, and said: "The part of a lady-killer does not suit you at all, Dimitri."

One evening, coming out of the doctors' club with an official with whom he had been playing cards, he could not resist saying:

"If only you knew what a fascinating woman I met in Yalta!"

The official got into his sledge and was driving away, but turned suddenly and shouted:

"Dmitri Dmitritch!"

"What?"

"You were right this evening: the surgeon was a bit too strong!"

These words, so ordinary, for some reason moved Gurov to indignation, and struck him as degrading and unclean. What savage manners, what people! What senseless nights, what dull, uneventful days! The rage for card-playing, the gluttony, the drunkenness, the continual talk about the same

things. Useless pursuits and conversations always about the same things absorb the better part of one's time, the better part of one's strength, and in the end there is left a life grovelling and curtailed, worthless and trivial, and there is no escaping or getting away from it—just as though one were in a madhouse or a prison.

Gurov did not sleep all night, and was filled with indignation. And he had a headache all next day. And the next night he slept badly; he sat up in bed, thinking, or paced up and down his room. He was sick of his children, sick of the bank; he had no desire to go anywhere or to talk of anything.

In the holidays in December he prepared for a journey, and told his wife he was going to Petersburg to do something in the interests of a young friend—and he set off for S—. What for? He did not very well know himself. He wanted to see Anna Sergeyevna and to talk with her—to arrange a meeting, if possible.

He reached S— in the morning, and took the best room at the hotel, in which the floor was covered with grey army cloth, and on the table was an inkstand, grey with dust and adorned with a figure on horseback, with its hat in its hand and its head broken off. The hotel porter gave him the necessary information; Von Diderits lived in a house of his own in Old Gontcharny Street—it was not far from the hotel: he was rich and lived in good style, and had his own horses; everyone in the town knew him. The porter pronounced the name “Dridirits.”

Gurov went without haste to Old Gontcharny Street and found the house. Just opposite the house stretched a long grey fence studded with nails.

“One would run away from a fence like that,” thought Gurov, looking from the fence to the windows of the house and back again.

He considered: today was a holiday, and the husband would probably be at home. And in any case it would be

tactless to go into the house and upset her. If he were to send her a note it might fall into her husband's hands, and then it might ruin everything. The best thing was to trust to chance. And he kept walking up and down the street by the fence, waiting for the chance. He saw a beggar go in at the gate and heard the dogs fly at him; then an hour later he heard a piano, and the sounds were faint and indistinct. Probably it was Anna Sergeyevna playing. The front door suddenly opened, and an old woman came out, followed by the familiar white Pomeranian. Gurov was on the point of calling to the dog, but his heart began beating violently, and in his excitement he could not remember the dog's name.

He walked up and down, and loathed the grey fence more and more, and by now he thought irritably that Anna Sergeyevna had forgotten him, and was perhaps already amusing herself with someone else, and that that was very natural in a young woman who had nothing to look at from morning till night but that confounded fence. He went back to his hotel room and sat for a long while on the sofa, not knowing what to do, then he had dinner and a long nap.

"How stupid and worrying it is!" he thought when he woke and looked at the dark windows: it was already evening. "Here I've had a good sleep for some reason. What shall I do tonight?"

He sat on the bed, which was covered with a cheap grey blanket of the kind seen in hospitals, and he taunted himself in his vexation:

"So much for the lady with the dog . . . so much for the adventure. . . . You're in a nice fix. . . ."

That morning at the station a poster in large letters had caught his eye. "The Geisha" was to be performed for the first time. He thought of this and went to the theatre.

"It's quite possible she may go to the first performance," he thought.

The theatre was full. As in all provincial theatres, there was a haze above the chandelier, the gallery was noisy and restless;

in the front row the local dandies were standing with their hands behind them; in the Governor's box the Governor's daughter, wearing a boa, was sitting in the front seat, while the Governor himself hid modestly behind the curtain with only his hands visible; the orchestra was a long time tuning up; the stage curtain swayed. While people were coming in and taking their seats, Gurov scanned their faces eagerly.

Anna Sergeyevna, too, came in. She sat down in the third row, and when Gurov looked at her his heart contracted, and he understood clearly that for him there was in the whole world no creature so near, so precious, and so important; she, this little woman, in no way remarkable, lost in a provincial crowd, with a vulgar lorgnette in her hand, filled his whole life now, was his sorrow and his joy, the one happiness that he now desired for himself, and to the sounds of the provincial orchestra, of the wretched violins, he thought how lovely she was. He thought and dreamed.

A young man with small side-whiskers, tall and stooping, came in with Anna Sergeyevna and sat down beside her; he bent his head at every step and seemed to be continually bowing. Most likely this was the husband whom at Yalta, in a rush of bitter feeling, she had called a flunkey. And there really was in his long figure, his side-whiskers, and the small bald patch on his head, something of the flunkey's obsequiousness; his smile was sugary, and in his buttonhole there was some badge of distinction which looked like the name tag of a waiter.

During the first intermission the husband went out to smoke; she remained alone in her seat. Gurov, who was sitting in the same section, went up to her and said in a trembling voice, with a forced smile:

"Good evening."

She glanced at him and turned pale, then glanced again with horror, unable to believe her eyes, and tightly gripped the fan and the lorgnette in her hands, evidently struggling with

herself not to faint. Both were silent. She was sitting, he was standing, frightened by her confusion and not venturing to sit down beside her. The violins and the flute began tuning up. He felt suddenly frightened; it seemed as though all the people in the boxes were looking at them. She got up and went quickly to the door; he followed her, and both walked senselessly along passages, up and down stairs, and figures in legal, scholastic, and civil service uniforms, all wearing badges, flitted before their eyes. They caught glimpses of ladies, of fur coats on hangers; drafts of wind blew on them, bringing a smell of stale tobacco. And Gurov, whose heart was beating violently, thought:

"Oh, heavens! Why are these people and this orchestra here! . . ."

And at that instant he recalled how when he had seen Anna Sergeyevna off at the station he had thought that everything was over and they would never meet again. But how far they were still from the end!

On the narrow, gloomy staircase over which was written "To the Amphitheatre," she stopped.

"How you frightened me!" she said, breathing hard, still pale and overwhelmed. "Oh, how you frightened me! I am half dead. Why have you come? Why?"

"But do understand, Anna, do understand . . ." he said hastily in a low voice. "I entreat you to understand. . . ."

She looked at him with dread, with entreaty, with love; she looked at him intently, to keep his features more distinctly in her memory.

"I am so unhappy," she went on, not heeding him. "I have thought of nothing but you all this time; I live only in the thought of you. And I wanted to forget, to forget you; but why, oh why, have you come?"

On the landing above them two schoolboys were smoking and looking down, but that was nothing to Gurov; he drew Anna Sergeyevna to him, and began kissing her face, her cheeks, and her hands.

"What are you doing, what are you doing!" she cried in horror, pushing him away. "We are mad. Go away today; go away at once. . . . I beseech you by all that is sacred, I implore you. . . . There are people coming this way!"

Someone was coming up the stairs.

"You must go away," Anna Sergeyevna went on in a whisper. "Do you hear, Dmitri Dmitritch? I will come and see you in Moscow. I have never been happy; I am miserable now, and I never, never shall be happy, never! Don't make me suffer still more! I swear I'll come to Moscow. But now let us part. My precious, good, dear one, we must part!"

She pressed his hand and walked rapidly downstairs, turned to look at him, and from her eyes he could see that she really was unhappy. Gurov stood for a little while, listened, then, when all sound had died away, he found his coat and left the theatre.

IV

And Anna Sergeyevna began coming to see him in Moscow. Once in two or three months she left S—, telling her husband that she was going to consult a doctor about an internal complaint—and her husband believed her, and did not believe her. In Moscow she stayed at the Slaviansky Bazaar hotel, and at once sent a man in a red cap to Gurov. Gurov went to see her, and no one in Moscow knew of it.

Once he was going to see her in this way on a winter morning (the messenger had come the evening before when he was out). With him walked his daughter, whom he wanted to take to school: it was on the way. Snow was falling in big wet flakes.

"It's three degrees above freezing-point, and yet it is snowing," said Gurov to his daughter. "The thaw is only on the surface of the earth; there is quite a different temperature higher in the atmosphere."

"And why are there no thunderstorms in winter, father?"

He explained that, too. He talked, thinking all the while that he was going to see *her*, and no living soul knew of it.

and probably never would know. He had two lives: one, open, seen and known by all who cared to know, full of relative truth and of relative falsehood, exactly like the lives of his friends and acquaintances; and another life running its course in secret. And through some strange, perhaps accidental, conjunction of circumstances, everything that was essential, of interest and of value to him, everything in which he was sincere and did not deceive himself, everything that made the kernel of his life, was hidden from other people; and all that was false in him, the sheath in which he hid himself to conceal the truth—such, for instance, as his work in the bank, his discussions at the club, his “inferior race,” his presence with his wife at anniversary festivities—all that was open. Judging others by himself, he did not believe in what he saw, and always fancied that every man had his real, most interesting life under the cover of secrecy and under the cover of night. All personal life rested on secrecy, and possibly it was partly on that account that civilized man was so nervously protective of his personal privacy.

After leaving his daughter at school, Gurov went on to the Slaviansky Bazaar. He took off his fur coat in the lobby, went upstairs, and softly knocked at the door. Anna Sergeyevna, wearing his favourite grey dress, exhausted by the journey and the suspense, had been expecting him since the evening before. She was pale; she looked at him, and did not smile, and he had hardly come in when she fell on his breast. Their kiss was slow and prolonged, as though they had not met for two years.

“Well, darling, how are you getting on there?” he asked. “What news?”

“Wait; I’ll tell you directly. . . . I can’t talk.”

She could not speak; she was crying. She turned away from him, and pressed her handkerchief to her eyes.

“Let her have her cry out. I’ll sit down and wait,” he thought, and he sat down in an armchair.

Then he rang and ordered tea, and while he drank his tea she remained standing at the window with her back to him.

She was crying from emotion, from the miserable consciousness that their life was so hard for them; they could only meet in secret, hiding themselves from people, like thieves! Was not their life shattered?

"Come, do stop!" he said.

It was evident to him that this love of theirs would not soon be over, that he could not see the end of it. Anna Sergeyevna grew more and more attached to him. She adored him, and it was unthinkable to say to her that it was bound to have an end some day; besides, she would not have believed it!

He went up to her and took her by the shoulders to say something affectionate and cheering, and at that moment he saw himself in the mirror.

His hair was already beginning to turn grey. And it seemed strange to him that he had grown so much older, so much plainer during the last few years. The shoulders on which his hands rested were warm and quivering. He felt compassion for this life, still so warm and lovely, but probably already not far from beginning to fade and wither like his own. Why did she love him so much? He always seemed to women different from what he was, and they loved in him not himself, but the man created by their imagination, whom they had been eagerly seeking all their lives; and afterwards, when they noticed their mistake, they loved him all the same. And not one of them had been happy with him. Time passed, he had made their acquaintance, got on with them, parted, but he had never once loved; it was anything you please, but not love.

And only now when his head was grey he had fallen truly, really in love—for the first time in his life.

Anna Sergeyevna and he loved each other like people very close and akin, like husband and wife, like tender friends; it seemed to them that fate itself had meant them for one another, and they could not understand why he had a wife and she a husband; and it was as though they were a pair of birds of passage, caught and forced to live in different cages. They forgave each other for what they were ashamed of in their

past, they forgave everything in the present, and felt that this love of theirs had changed them both.

In moments of depression in the past he had comforted himself with any arguments that came into his mind, but now he no longer cared for arguments; he felt profound compassion, he wanted to be sincere and tender. . . .

"Don't cry, my darling," he said. "You've had your cry; that's enough. . . . Let us talk now, let us think of some plan."

Then they spent a long while taking counsel together, talked of how to avoid the necessity for secrecy, for deception, for living in different towns and not seeing each other for long stretches of time. How could they free themselves from this intolerable bondage?

"How? How?" he asked, clutching his head. "How?"

And it seemed as though in a little while the solution would be found, and then a new and splendid life would begin; and it was clear to both of them that they had still a long, long way to go, and that the most complicated and difficult part of their journey was just beginning.



The Mother of a Traitor

Maxim Gorky

Maxim Gorky (1868–1936) was the pen-name of Alexei Maximovich Peshkov, the great central figure in modern Russian literature. He was born in an artisan family in Nizhny Novgorod, a city now renamed after him. After a miserable childhood in his grandfather's house — his father had died when he was very young — Gorky wandered about like a tramp for several years, enduring misery and poverty, but mixing with the downtrodden who later peopled his stories and novels.

Gorky began writing in 1892. His first works were mainly romantic stories; he later graduated to Chekovian-type stories of dreary lives and useless intellectuals. With his increasing involvement in Bolshevism and the Revolution, his novels became artistic exposures of the evils of capitalistic society. After the Revolution, Gorky had immense influence on the progress of literature and the arts in Soviet Russia. In the last years of his life he was appointed Head of the Soviet Writers' Union, and founded the School of Soviet Realism.

Among the best-known of Gorky's works are: *The Mother*, the first comprehensive portrait of the Russian socialist movement, *Childhood*, *Among the People* and *My Universities*, the autobiographical trilogy, and *The Lower Depths*, a play which was a great success in Russia and was produced all over Europe.

One can talk endlessly about Mothers. For several weeks enemy hosts had surrounded the city in a tight ring of steel; by night fires were lit and the flames peered through the inky blackness at the walls of the city like a myriad red eyes—they blazed malevolently, and their

menacing glare evoked gloomy thoughts within the beleaguered city.

From the walls they saw the enemy noose draw tighter; saw the dark shadows hovering about the fires, and heard the neighing of well-fed horses, the clanging of weapons, the loud laughter and singing of man confident of victory—and what can be more jarring to the ear than the songs and laughter of the enemy?

The enemy had thrown corpses into all the streams that fed water to the city, they had burned down the vineyards around the walls, trampled the fields, cut down the orchards—the city was now exposed on all sides, and nearly every day the cannon and muskets of the enemy showered it with lead and iron.

Detachments of war-weary, half-starved soldiers trooped sullenly through the narrow streets of the city; from the windows of houses issued the groans of the wounded, the cries of the delirious, the prayers of women and the wailing of children. People spoke in whispers, breaking off in the middle of a sentence, tensely alert; was not that the enemy advancing?

Worst of all were the nights; in the nocturnal stillness the groans and cries were more distinctly audible; black shadows crept stealthily from the gorges of the distant mountains towards the half-demolished walls, hiding the enemy camp from view, and over the black ridges of the mountains rose the moon like a lost shield dented by sword blows.

And the people in the city, despairing of succour, worn out by toil and hunger, their hope of salvation waning from day to day, the people in the city stared in horror at that moon, at the sharp-toothed ridges of the mountains, the black mass of the gorges and the noisy camp of the enemy. Everything spoke to them of death,

and not a star was there in the sky to give them consolation.

They were afraid to light the lamps in the houses, and a heavy darkness enveloped the streets, and in this darkness, like a fish stirring in the depths of a river, a woman draped from head to foot in a black cloak moved soundlessly.

When they saw her, people whispered to one another:

'Is it she?'

'It is she!'

And they withdrew into the niches under archways, or hurried past her with lowered heads. The patrol chiefs warned her sternly:

'Abroad again, Monna Marianna? Take care, you may be killed and nobody will bother to search for the culprit. . .'

She drew herself up and stood waiting, but the patrols passed by, either not daring or else scorning to raise their hand against her; the armed men avoided her like a corpse and, left alone in the darkness, she continued her solitary wanderings from street to street, soundless and black like the incarnation of the city's misfortune, while all about her, as though pursuing her, melancholy sounds issued from the night; the groans, cries, prayers and the sullen murmur of soldiers who had lost all hope of victory.

A citizen and a mother, she thought of her son and her country: for at the head of the men who were destroying her town was her son, her gay, handsome, heartless son. Yet, not so long ago she had looked upon him with pride regarding him as her precious gift to her country, a beneficent force she had brought forth to aid the people of the city where she herself had been born and reared. Her heart was bound by hundreds of invisible threads to these ancient stones with which her forefathers had built

water beneath her cloak and feared to spill a drop and as her figure grew smaller and smaller to those who watched from the city wall, it seemed to them that with her went their dejection and hopelessness.

They saw her pause halfway and throwing back the hood of her cloak turn back and gaze long at the city. And over in the enemy's camp they saw her alone in the field and figures dark as her own approached her cautiously. They approached and inquired who she was and whence she had come.

'Your leader is my son,' she said, and not one of the soldiers doubted it. They fell in beside her, singing his praises, saying how clever and brave he was, and she listened to them with head proudly raised, showing no surprise, for her son could not be otherwise.

And now, at last, she stood before him whom she had known nine months before his birth, him whom she had never felt apart from her own heart. In silk and velvet he stood before her, his weapons studded with precious stones. All was as it should be, thus had she seen him so many times in her dreams—rich, famous and admired.

'Mother!' he said, kissing her hands. 'Thou hast come to me, thou art with me, and tomorrow I shall capture that accursed city!'

'The city where thou wert born,' she reminded him.

Intoxicated with his prowess, crazed with the thirst for more glory, he answered her with the arrogant heat of youth:

'I was born into the world and for the world, and I mean to make the world quake with wonder of me! I have spared this city for thy sake, it has been like a thorn in my flesh and has retarded my swift rise to fame. But now tomorrow I shall smash that nest of obstinate fools!'

'Where every stone knows and remembers them as a child,' she said.

'Stones are dumb unless man makes them speak. Let the mountains speak of me, that is what I wish!'

'And what of men?' she asked.

'Ah, yes, I have not forgotten them, Mother. I need them too, for only in men's memory are heroes immortal!'

She said: 'A hero is he who creates life in defiance of death, who conquers death. . . .'

'No!' he objected. 'The destroyer is as glorious as the builder of a city. See, we do not know who it was that built Rome—Aeneas or Romulus—yet we know well the name of Alaric and the other heroes who destroyed the city. . . .'

'Which outlived all names,' the mother reminded him.

Thus they conversed until the sun sank to rest; less and less frequently did she interrupt his wild speech, lower sank her proud head.

A Mother creates, she protects, and to speak to her of destruction means to speak against her; but he did not know this, he did not know that he was negating her reason for existence.

A Mother is always opposed to death; the hand that brings death into the house of men, is hateful and abhorrent to Mothers. But the son did not perceive this, for he was blinded by the cold glitter of glory that deadens the heart.

Nor did he know that a Mother can be as clever and ruthless as she is fearless, when the life she creates and cherishes is in question.

She sat with bowed head, and through the opening in the leader's richly appointed tent she saw the city where first she had felt the sweet tremor of life within her and

the anguished convulsions of the birth of this child who now thirsted for destruction.

The crimson rays of the sun dyed the walls and towers of the city blood-red, cast a baleful glare on the windowpanes so that the whole city seemed to be a mass of wounds with the crimson sap of life flowing from each gash. Presently the city turned black as a corpse and the stars shone above it like funeral candles.

She saw the dark houses where people feared to light candles so as not to attract the attention of the enemy, saw the streets steeped in gloom and rank with the stench of corpses, heard the muffled whispers of people awaiting death—she saw it all, all that was near and dear to her stood before her, dumbly awaiting her decision, and she felt herself the mother of all those people in her city.

Clouds descended from the black peaks into the valley and swooped down like winged steeds upon the doomed city.

‘We may attack tonight,’ said her son, ‘if the night is dark enough! It is hard to kill when the sun shines in your eyes and the glitter of the weapons blinds you, many a blow goes awry,’ he remarked, examining his sword.

The mother said to him: ‘Come, my son, lay thy head on my breast and rest, remember how gay and kind thou wert as a child, and how everyone loved thee. . .’

He obeyed her, laid his head in her lap and closed his eyes, saying:

‘I love only glory and I love thee for having made me as I am.’

‘And women?’ she asked bending over him.

‘They are many, one tires of them as of everything that is too sweet.’

'And dost thou not desire children?' she asked finally.

'What for? That they might be killed? Someone like me will kill them; that will give me pain and I shall be too old and feeble to avenge them.'

'Thou art handsome, but as barren as a streak of lightning,' she said with a sigh.

'Yes, like lightning. . . ' he replied, smiling.

And he dozed there on his mother's breast like a child.

Then, covering him with her black cloak, she plunged a knife into his heart, and with a shudder he died, for who knew better than she where her son's heart beat. And, throwing his corpse at the feet of the astonished sentries, she said addressing the city:

'As a Citizen; I have done for my country all I could: as a Mother I remain with my son! It is too late for me to bear another, my life is of no use to anyone.'

And the knife, still warm with his blood, her blood, she plunged with a firm hand into her own breast, and again she struck true, for an aching heart is not hard to find.

New Words

host:	a large number, (here) army
myriad:	a very large number
malevolent:	spiteful, wishing to cause suffering to others
beleaguered:	besieged; surrounded with armed forces
nocturnal:	of the night
gorge:	narrow opening (between mountains)
succour:	help given in time of danger
Madonna:	Mary, mother of Jesus Christ
suffered her:	allowed her
abhorrent:	hateful, disgusting

richly

appointed: well-equipped and furnished

tremor: shaking, movement

baleful: evil, harmful

go awry: go wrong

Comprehension

1. How were the enemy trying to make the people in the city miserable? In contrast how did the attackers themselves live?
2. 'Is it she?' 'It is she!' What does this exchange tell us about what the people thought of her? What did they do when they saw her? Why?
3. What did the patrol chiefs warn her about? Why would nobody bother to search for the culprit? What did she stand waiting for? Why didn't anything happen?
4. How deep was her attachment to the city? What did she 'weigh in her heart as on scales'? What weighed more? How do we know?
5. Whom did she meet one day in a remote corner by the city walls? What was the slain man's mother proud of? What did the woman say about her? How did this meeting affect her?
6. What did she ask the city's defenders to do? Why did they not oblige her? Why didn't they need her even as a hostage? What according to them was her punishment?
7. How did the enemy soldiers greet her? Did she feel proud? What was she proud of?
8. Why did the son decide to capture the city the same night? Why had he spared it so long? How did she try to dissuade him from his plan?
9. ' She saw it all, all that was near and dear to her stood before her dumbly awaiting her decision ' What did she decide? Had she decided on this action as she left the city? Or had she hoped she would be able to persuade her son?
10. Why did she kill herself?

Steps to Interpretation

1. The story is a study of a mother. What is the painful conflict in her mind? How does she resolve it? Does she fail as a mother or as a citizen? Or does she succeed as both?
2. 'In silk and velvet he stood before her, his weapons studded with precious stones.' This clearly shows the man's vanity. What other traits of his character are brought out in the story? What were his views on glory, women, and children?
3. There are numerous passages in the story about motherhood. List a few of them.
4. Paragraph 2 is a vivid description of the city surrounded by the enemy. The story is full of such descriptions. Could you pick out a few and discuss how effective they are?
5. '...over the black ridges of the mountains rose the moon like a lost shield dented by sword blows.' There are a number of images drawn from nature throughout the story. ('...and in this darkness like a fish stirring in the depths of a river, a woman ...moved soundlessly.') Choose a few of them and discuss their beauty and aptness.

15 · KNOWLEDGE AND WISDOM*

BERTRAND RUSSELL, O.M.

(FAIRLY ADVANCED. *Concise and lucid thought, in subtly-devised sentences*)

- A. Most people would agree that, although our age far surpasses all previous ages in knowledge, there has been no correlative increase in wisdom. But agreement ceases as soon as we attempt to define 'wisdom' and consider means of promoting it. I want to ask first what wisdom is, and then what can be done to teach it.
- B. There are several factors that contribute to wisdom. Of these I should put first a sense of proportion: the capacity to take account of all the important factors in a problem and to attach to each its due weight. This has become more difficult than it used to be owing to the extent and complexity of the specialised knowledge required of various kinds of technicians. Suppose, for example, that you are engaged in research in scientific medicine. The work is difficult and is likely to absorb the whole of your intellectual energy. You have not time to consider the effect which your discoveries or inventions may have outside the field of medicine. You succeed (let us say), as modern medicine has succeeded, in enormously lowering the infant death-rate, not only in Europe and America, but also in Asia and Africa. This has the entirely unintended result of making the food supply inadequate and lowering the standard of life in the most populous parts of the world. To take an even more spectacular example, which is in everybody's mind at the present time: you study the composition of the atom from a disinterested desire for knowledge, and incidentally place in the hands of powerful lunatics the means of destroying the human race. In such ways the pursuit

Knowledge and Wisdom

of knowledge may become harmful unless it is combined with wisdom; and wisdom in the sense of comprehensive vision is not necessarily present in specialists in the pursuit of knowledge.

- C. The essence of wisdom is emancipation, as far as possible, from the tyranny of the here and the now. We cannot help the egoism of our senses. Sight and sound and touch are bound up with our own bodies and cannot be made impersonal. Our emotions start similarly from ourselves. An infant feels hunger or discomfort, and is unaffected except by his own physical condition. Gradually, with the years, his horizon widens, and, in proportion as his thoughts and feelings become less personal and less concerned with his own physical states, he achieves growing wisdom. This is, of course, a matter of degree. No one can view the world with complete impartiality; and if anyone could, he would hardly be able to remain alive. But it is possible to make a continual approach towards impartiality: on the one hand, by knowing things somewhat remote in time or space; and, on the other hand, by giving to such things their due weight in our feelings. It is this approach towards impartiality that constitutes growth in wisdom.
- D. Can wisdom in this sense be taught? And, if it can, should the teaching of it be one of the aims of education? I should answer both these questions in the affirmative.
- E. I have said that in some degree wisdom can be taught. I think that this teaching should have a larger intellectual element than has been customary in what has been thought of as moral instruction. The disastrous results of hatred and narrow-mindedness to those who feel them can be pointed out incidentally in the course of giving knowledge. I do not think that knowledge and morals ought to be too much separated. It is true that the kind of specialised knowledge which is required for various kinds of skill has little to do with wisdom. But it should be supplemented in education by wider surveys

Part One—General

- calculated to put it in its place in the total of human activities.
Even the best technicians should also be good citizens; and when I say 'citizens', I mean citizens of the world and not of this or that sect or nation. With every increase of knowledge and skill, wisdom becomes more necessary, for every such increase augments our capacity for realising our purposes, and therefore augments our capacity for evil, if our purposes are unwise. The world needs wisdom as it has never needed it before; and if knowledge continues to increase, the world will need wisdom in the future even more than it does now.

Note

Bertrand Russell—philosopher and mathematician. O.M. (see note on Gilbert Murray, passage 10). Nobel Prize for Literature, 1950. An Earl, of distinguished ancestry, he prefers not to use his title. //

EXERCISES

1. (STAGE FOUR) ARTICLES. *Insert a or the when necessary. Note at * there are two possibilities.*
 - (a) Of (factors) that contribute to (wisdom) first I should put (sense) of (proportion); (capacity) to take (account) of all (important factors) in (problem).
 - (b) Suppose you are engaged in (scientific medicine). (Work) is difficult and is likely to absorb (whole) of your energy. You have not (time)* to consider (effect) which your discoveries may have outside (field) of (medicine).
 - (c) (Modern medicine) has succeeded in lowering (infant death-rate). This has had (result) of making (food supply) inadequate and lowering (standard) of (life) in most (populous parts) of (world).
 - (d) (Sight) and (sound) and (touch) are bound up with our own bodies.
 - (e) It is (approach) towards (impartiality) that constitutes (growth) in (wisdom).
2. PREPOSITIONS, GERUNDS, INFINITIVES. *Complete the following sentences using the words in brackets and supplying prepositions as required: We must consider means*

Knowledge and Wisdom

(promote) wisdom. A sense of proportion is the capacity (take account) all the important factors. Suppose you are engaged (do) a piece of research. (*Two possibilities here, with different meanings.*) You have not time (consider) the effect. You succeed (lower) the death-rate. This has the result (make) the food supply inadequate. You study the atom (disinterested desire) knowledge. Sight and sound and touch are (bound) our own bodies. It is possible (make) a continual approach (impartiality). The knowledge (required) various kinds of skill has little (do) wisdom.

3. USE OF CONJUNCTIONS AND ADVERBS IN RATIONAL ARGUMENT. *Supply the missing words:*

(a) Most people would agree —, — there has been a great increase in knowledge, there has been no corresponding increase in wisdom. — agreement ceases — we try to define 'wisdom'. The pursuit of knowledge may become harmful — it is combined with wisdom. The world needs wisdom — it has never needed it before.

(b) — the best technicians should — be good citizens; — — I say 'citizens', I mean citizens of the world, — not of this — that sect — nation.

(c) With every increase of knowledge, wisdom becomes — necessary, — every such increase augments our capacity for realising our purposes, — — augments our capacity for evil, — our purposes are unwise.

4. (STAGE FIVE) DEFINITIONS. What is wisdom? Define 'a sense of proportion'. What do we mean by 'the infant death-rate'? Define an atom. Explain 'the egoism of our senses'. What is impartiality? What is the difference between knowledge and wisdom? What does Bertrand Russell mean by 'citizens'? What else could be meant by that word?

5. Summarise the argument of this passage in ten or eleven sentences logically connected with appropriate conjunctions and adverbs.

The Miracle of Grass

JOSEPH WOOD KRUTCH

Of all the green things which make up what Goethe called "the living garment of god," grass is one of the humblest, the most nearly omnipresent, and the most stupidly taken for granted—a miracle so common that we no longer regard it as miraculous.

To some (poor things) it is merely what you try to keep the dandelions out of, or what you strike a golf ball across. But even such are paying some tribute to it. To those of us a little more aware of the great mystery of which we are a part, its going and its coming, its flourishing and its withering, are a sort of soft ostinato accompaniment in the great symphony of the seasons.

Even in the arid Southwest it springs up bravely for a few short weeks. In California the brown hills turn to emerald almost over night. And in the gentler, more circumspect East, one hardly knows when the great awakening took place. So imperceptible, but ineluctable, is its progress that those of us who watch for it never quite catch the very moment when the transformation occurs. While our backs are turned it is alive again, and no other phenomenon of spring is at once so quiet and so all-enveloping. If there are astronomers on Mars peering at us as our astronomers are peering at their planet, they must see, much more dramatically, what is usually observed there by earthly astronomers. Martian vegetation is perhaps only a dry lichen much like what we see clinging on the bare rocks near the summits of our highest mountains. But ours is a green carpet, soft to the feet, restful to the eye, and announcing to all living things that spring is here again.

What is this thing called grass? "Why," say the botanist, "that is a question easy to answer. Grass, properly so-called, is any

one of the numerous genera and species which compose that family of monocotyledonous flowering plants long known as the Gramineae. Unfortunately, its early evolutionary history (like that of all the flowering plants) is obscure since the fossil record is scanty. But at least we can say with reasonable certainty that no grass carpeted the earth in that long ago when the first air-breathing animals crawled out of the water. Also that it was not until the cool weather of the Miocene (say a mere forty million or so years ago) that it became a dominant plant and thus made possible the flourishing of the herbivorous mammals over a more peaceful earth where the bellowing of the dinosaurs had given way to the lowing of herds. Then, only yesterday as world history goes, grass conferred upon our own species that tremendous blessing called wheat."

For a less dusty question and answer we must turn to the poets, many of whom have had their say, though only Walt Whitman put grass at the center of a magnum opus.

A child said, "What is the grass?" fetching it to
me with full hands.

I guess it must be the flag of my disposition, out
of hopeful green stuff woven

Or I guess it is the handkerchief of the Lord,

A scented gift that Remembrancer designedly dropped,

Bearing the owner's name somewhere in the corners,
that we may see and remark, and say, "whose?"

Few today have time for such meditations or for such quiet pleasures. Most of us are too desperately busy seeking recreation, entertainment, and amusement ever to experience substitutes—as essentially ersatz as plastic for china, neon lights for dawn and sunset, or the corner grocer's cottony horror offered us in place of that other great gift of grass called bread.

"Joy be with you," people used to say when parting from a friend. Now the modish farewell is, "Have fun!" Sometimes those thus sped away actually do have fun; often they do not; and even the most successful in this enterprise are not too much to be envied. Those of us who want something more than fun, whether it be the exaltation of great art or the mystical experience of "belonging" to something greater than one's self, are a little afraid of being called highbrows or "nature lovers" because neither grass nor Wordsworth's meanest flower that blows are

what we call "fun things." They can be something much more rewarding, nevertheless.

Henry David Thoreau once explained that he did not drink wine because he was afraid it might "spoil his taste for water." Henry loved to shock by "going too far" in defending what he wanted to defend, and perhaps he was going too far when he said that. If ours were an age tending toward the puritanical and the ascetic, he might be a dangerous influence, persuading us to surrender in the name of simplicity things much worth having. But since our manners and our morals are not, whatever else they may be, puritanical or ascetic, his voice is more worth hearing than that of those who call for more complexity, for madder music, and for stronger wine. Both of these last pay diminishing returns.

We boast that this is the age of abundance, and the proudest achievement of our best-intentioned men is that, for the first time in history, abundance has been democratized or, to put it somewhat sourly, that now as never before nearly everybody can have rather too much of many things not worth having. Deprivation can kill joy, but so, almost as certainly, can superfluity, for though we always want more, the limiting factor is ultimately what we can take in. More toys than he can play with are a burden, not a blessing, to any child be he five or fifty. It is disastrous to own more of anything than you can possess, and it is one of the most fundamental laws of human nature that our power actually to possess is limited.

In 1689 Louis XIV ordered the following for his garden at Versailles: 87,000 tulips, 800 tuberoses, 400 lilies, and 83,000 narcissus. In this egalitarian age there are not very many individuals likely to be able to be quite that absurd. But there are many who can and do make the same mistake for the same reason. You just can't take in or possess that many tulips, and if you are foolish enough to try, you will miss the violet by the mossy stone, and even more surely the "thought too deep for tears" which one violet or one tulip might inspire.

"The happiness of the great," wrote Francis Bacon, "consists only in thinking how happy others must suppose them to be." In Bacon's time the term "status," so beloved of present-day sociologists, had not been invented, but Bacon had grasped the concept behind it. The desire for status is the same desire to be envied

which Bacon had in mind, and it was what Louis XIV also was aiming at. "It will be evident to all," so he said to himself, "that no one else in all the world can have as many tulips as I can, and they will envy me—though, God knows, the whole eighty-seven thousand of them look dull enough to me."

When grass becomes merely "a lawn," it is in danger of becoming what that sour economic Puritan Thorstein Veblen said it always was, namely, a "status symbol," a display of conspicuous expenditure meant to demonstrate that its owner can afford to waste in mere display what might be used to produce wheat or vegetables. Veblen was wrong, because a lawn can also demonstrate a great truth which economists are prone to forget, namely, that beauty may be its own excuse for being. But a lawn can be what he called it, and there is no greater paradox than this transformation of the humblest and most unshowy of green things into a status symbol. Of course, neither your lawn nor mine (when in Connecticut I had one) is that. But just to be sure that it isn't, a salutary experience can be had if we ask ourselves from time to time what our real reason for having it is.

If we have any doubts an experiment might be worthwhile. Lie down upon your lawn to see what happens. And while I would not advise that all lawns be surrendered to dandelions, I would suggest that you ask yourself, when one of these gay little miracles raises its flower toward the sun, whether you reach for the weed killer without first remembering Whitman's tribute:

Simple and fresh and fair from winter's clothes
emerging

As if no artifice of fashion, business, politics,
had ever been

Forth from its sunny nook of sheltered grass—
innocent, golden, calm as the dawn,

The spring's first dandelion shows its trustful
face.

"All flesh is grass." For once the apostle and the scientist seem to be in agreement though they were not saying the same thing. To St. Peter all flesh is grass because man, too, "withereth and the flower thereof falleth away." To the biologist all flesh is grass in a more literal sense. No animal, man included, could exist

if it were not for the fact that green plants mediate between him and the inanimate materials of the earth. They alone have the power of rising by one step the relative simplicity of the mineral to the complexity of the proteins indispensable to him. Where they leave off his mysterious metabolism takes over. What was mineral but became protein now becomes that even more mysterious thing called protoplasm. And protoplasm is the base of all man's life, thought, imagination, and ideals.

In time, a man passes away, he also withers and the flower thereof falls away, protoplasm descends the scale again to the merely mineral, and grass picks it up once more to repeat the cycle. The process began some billions of years ago and must continue as long as life lasts.

Which of the two truths is the most profound and the most important? The moral truth of the apostle, or the strange, in human truth of the biologist? One is as old as civilization, the other almost as new as yesterday. And perhaps just because it is uniquely ours we tend to value it most highly. But we may be wrong. Many civilizations, some of them glorious, were created and then destroyed by men who were innocent of chemistry. But they could not have been what they were had they not known what Peter and what Whitman knew. It is just possible that our civilization will fail because we do know one kind of truth and, in our pride, forget the other.

And now it seems to me the beautiful uncut hair
of graves.

It may be you transpire from the best of young
man,

It may be if I had known them I would have loved
them.

It may be you are from old people, or from offspring
taken soon out of their mother's laps,

And here you are the mother's laps.

This grass is very dark to be from the white heads
of old mothers,

Darker than the colorless beards of old men,

Dark to come from under the faint red roof of
mouths. (From *The Leaves of Grass*)

NOTES

The author presents science in an allusive style, mixing the magic of nature with the marvels of scientific investigation, skilfully interweaving the poetry of Walt Whitman with the facts of the theory of evolution.

Goethe (1749-1832): a German writer.

dandelions: yellow-flowered wild plants.

ostinato: (Italian) bass melody.

symphony: an elaborate musical composition for an orchestra.

South West: South West American desert region.

circumspect: careful; slowly-moving.

lichen: flowerless small plants of different shades that grow like a patch of skin on stones and tree trunks.

genera: kinds; classes; plural of genus.

monocotyledonous flowering plants: flowering plants with a single seed-leaf.

Miocene: an epoch of Tertiary (the third geological period) when the high mountains like the Alps and the Himalayas were formed.

dinosaurs: large but now extinct reptiles.

Walt Whitman (1819-1892): a great American poet. His Magnum Opus (masterpiece) was *Leaves of Grass*.

Remembrancer: one who reminds; (here) God.

ersatz: (German) imitation.

grocer's cottony horror: mass produced bread of the texture of cotton in contrast to home-baked bread.

William Wordsworth (1770-1850): English Romantic poet and a great lover of nature.

Henry David Thoreau (1817-1862): American writer well-known for his masterpiece *Walden*.

puritanical: of extreme strictness in religion and morals.

diminishing returns: the law of diminishing returns in Economics: (here) fails to produce more pleasure for the additional effort.

Louis XIV (1638-1715): the extravagant king of France.

Versailles: French town, known for its beautiful gardens.

meaneest flowers...too deep for tears: see Wordsworth's *Immortality Ode*.

violet and tulip: names of flowers.

6 Long-Answer Questions

- i Describe the different kinds of bores, as classified by the writer.
- ii 'Some personal experiences force people to relate these again and again.' Describe one such experience that you have heard from someone or one that you relate to others frequently.

FREEDOM

George Bernard Shaw

GEORGE BERNARD SHAW (1856–1950) was born in Dublin. From his father he learned how to laugh at life's tragedies, and from his mother a sound appreciation of music. In 1884 he became one of the founders of the Fabian Society. He remained a lifelong champion of a highly individual economic faith, creative evolution, spelling reforms, and vegetarianism.

In recognition of his contribution to British drama, Shaw was awarded the Nobel Prize in 1926 for 'his work which is marked by both idealism and humanity, its stimulating satire often being infused with a singular poetic beauty'.

As an essayist and pamphleteer, Shaw advocates spiritual freedom, honesty, courage, and idealism.

Among his works are: *Plays Pleasant and Plays Unpleasant*; *Man and Superman*; *Saint Joan*; *The Intelligent Woman's Guide to Socialism, Capitalism, Sovietism and Fascism*; and *Essays in Fabian Socialism*.

In 'Freedom' Shaw pleads for an original and stimulating attitude towards the concept of Freedom—individual, social and political, and skilfully analyses the difference between the natural slavery of man to Nature and the unnatural slavery of man to man.

Unit I

Now remember, ladies and gentlemen, I have no time to talk the usual old nonsense about freedom

tonight. Let us come to business. What is a perfectly free person? Evidently a person who can do what he likes, when he likes and where he likes, or do nothing at all if he prefers it. Well, there is no such person: and there never can be any such person. Whether we like it or not, we must all sleep for one-third of our lifetime; wash and dress and undress; we must spend a couple of hours eating and drinking; we must spend nearly as much in getting about from place to place. For half the day we are slave to necessities which we cannot shirk, whether we are monarchs with a thousand servants or humble labourers with no servants but their wives. And the wives must undertake the additional heavy slavery of child-bearing if the world is still to be peopled.

These natural jobs cannot be ^{minimised} shirked. But they involve other jobs which can. As we must eat we must first provide food; as we must sleep we must have beds and bedding in houses with fireplaces and coals; as we must walk through the streets, we must have clothes to cover our nakedness. Now, food and houses and clothes can be produced by human labour. But when they are produced they can be stolen. If you like honey you can let bees produce it by their labour, and then steal it from them. If you are too lazy to get about from place to place on your own legs you can make a slave of a horse. And what you do to a horse or a bee you can also do to a man or a woman or a child if you can get the upper hand of them by force or fraud or trickery of any sort, or even by teaching them that it is their religious duty to sacrifice their freedom to yours.

So beware! If you allow any person, or class of persons, to get the upper hand of you, they will shift all

being
made
man
sings.

that part of their slavery to Nature that can be shifted on to your shoulders; and you will find yourself working from eight to fourteen hours a day when, if you had only yourself and your family to provide for, you could do it quite comfortably in half the time or less. The object of all honest Governments should be to prevent your being imposed on in this way. But the object of most actual Governments, I regret to say, is exactly the opposite. They enforce your slavery and call it freedom. But they also regulate your slavery, keeping the greed of your masters within certain bounds. When chattel slavery of the negro sort costs more than wage slavery, they abolish chattel slavery and make you free to choose between one employment, or one master, and another; and this they call a glorious triumph for freedom, though for you it is merely the key of the street. When you complain, they promise that in future you shall govern the country for yourself. They redeem this promise by giving you a vote, and having a general election every five years or so. At the election, two of their rich friends ask for your vote; and you are free to choose which of them you will vote for to spite the other—a choice which leaves you no freer than you were before, as it does not reduce your hours of labour by a single minute. But the newspapers assure you that your vote has decided the election, and that this constitutes you a free citizen in a democratic country. The amazing thing about it is that you are fool enough to believe them.

Unit 2

Now mark another big difference between the natural slavery of man to Nature and the unnatural slavery of man to man. Nature is kind to her slaves. If she forces

you to eat and drink, she makes eating and drinking so pleasant that when we can afford it we eat and drink too much. We must sleep or go mad: but then sleep is so pleasant that we have great difficulty in getting up in the morning. And firesides and families seem so pleasant to the young that they get married and join building societies to realize their dreams. Thus, instead of resenting our natural wants as slavery, we take the greatest pleasure in their satisfaction. We write sentimental songs in praise of them. A tramp can earn his supper by singing 'Home, Sweet Home.'

The slavery of man to man is the very opposite of this. It is hateful to the body and to the spirit. Our poets do not praise it; they proclaim that no man is good enough to be another man's master. The latest of the great Jewish prophets, a gentleman named Marx, spent his life in proving that there is no extremity of selfish cruelty at which the slavery of man to man will stop if it be not stopped by law. You can see for yourself that it produces a state of continual civil war—called the class war—between the slaves and their masters, organized as trade unions on one side and employers' federations on the other. Saint Thomas More, who has just been canonized, held that we shall never have a peaceful and stable society until this struggle is ended by the abolition of slavery altogether and the compulsion of everyone to do his share of the world's work with his own hands and brains, and not to attempt to put it on anyone else.

Naturally the master class, through its Parliaments, schools and newspapers, makes the most desperate efforts to prevent us from realizing our slavery. From our earliest years we are taught that our country is the

FREEDOM

land of the free, and that our freedom was won for us for ever by our forefathers when they made King John sign Magna Carta—when they defeated the Spanish Armada—when they cut off King Charles's head—when they made King William accept the Bill of Rights—when they issued and made good the American Declaration of Independence—when they won the battles of Waterloo and Trafalgar on the playing fields of Eton—and when, only the other day, they unintentionally changed the German, Austrian, Russian and Ottoman Empires into republics. When we grumble, we are told that all our miseries are our own doing because we have the vote. When we say: "What good is the vote?" we are told that we have the Factory Acts and the Wage Board, and free education, and the New Deal, and the dole: and what more could any reasonable man ask for? We are reminded that the rich are taxed a quarter, a third, or even a half and more, of their incomes; but the poor are never reminded that they have to pay that much of their wages as rent in addition to having to work twice as long every day as they would need if they were free.

Whenever famous writers protest against this imposture—say, Voltaire and Rousseau and Tom Paine in the eighteenth century, or Cobbett and Shelley, Karl Marx and Lassalle in the nineteenth, or Lenin and Trotsky in the twentieth—you are taught that they are atheists and libertines, murderers and scoundrels; and often it is made a criminal offence to buy or sell their books. If their disciples make a revolution, England immediately makes war on them and lends money to the other Powers to join her in forcing the revolutionists to restore the slave order. When this combination was

successful at Waterloo, the victory was advertised as another triumph for British freedom; and the British wage slaves, instead of going into mourning like Lord Byron, believed it all and cheered enthusiastically. When the revolution wins, as it did in Russia in 1922, the fighting stops, but the abuse, the calumnies, the lies continue until the revolutionized State grows into a first-rate military Power. Then our ^{Person cheer at dealing with people} diplomats, after having for years denounced the revolutionary leaders as the most ^{unpleasant} abominable villains and ^{cruel} tyrants, have to do a right turn and invite them to dinner.

Unit 3

/Prodigious / wonderful

dishonest

Now though this prodigious mass of humbug is meant to delude the enslaved class only, it ends in deluding the master class much more completely. A gentleman whose mind has been formed at a preparatory school for the sons of gentlemen, followed by a public school and university course, is much more thoroughly taken in by the falsified history and dishonest political economy and ^{respecting persons & rank & wealth} snobbery taught in these places than any worker can possibly be, because the gentleman's education teaches him that he is a very fine fellow, superior to the common run-of-men whose duty it is to brush his clothes, carry his parcels, and earn his income for him; and as he thoroughly agrees with this view of himself, he honestly believes that the system which has placed him in such an agreeable situation and done such justice to his merits is the best of all possible systems, and that he should shed his blood, and yours, to the last drop in its defence. But the great mass of our ^{exorbitant rent} rack-rented, underpaid, treated-as-inferiors, cast-off-on-the-dole workers cannot feel so sure about it as the gentleman. The facts

for people.

Crucially
are too harshly against it. In hard times, such as we are now passing through, their ^{dislike} disgust and despair sometimes lead them to kick over the traces, upset everything, and have to be rescued from more gangsterism by some Napoleonic genius who has a fancy for being an emperor, and who has the courage and brains and energy to jump at the chance. But the slaves who give three cheers for the emperor might just as well have made a cross on a British or American ballot paper as far as their freedom is concerned.

So far I have mentioned nothing but plain, natural and historical facts. I draw no conclusions, for that would lead me into controversy; and controversy would not be fair when you cannot answer me back. I am never controversial over the wireless. I do not even ask you to draw your own conclusions, for you might draw some very dangerous ones unless you have the right sort of head for it. Always remember that though nobody likes to be called a slave, it does not follow that slavery is a bad thing. Great men, like Aristotle, have held that law and order and government would be impossible unless the persons the people have to obey are beautifully dressed and decorated, robed and uniformed, speaking with a special accent, travelling in first class carriages or the most expensive cars or on best-groomed ^{well-dressed} and best-bred horses, and never cleaning their own boots or doing anything for themselves that can possibly be done by ringing a bell and ordering some common person to do it. And this means, of course, that they must be made very rich without any other obligation than to produce an impression of almost godlike superiority on the minds of common people. In short, it is contended, you must make men ignorant

Satisfied

↑
idolators before they will become obedient workers and law-abiding citizens.

To prove this, we are reminded that although nine out of ten voters are common workers, it is with the greatest difficulty that a few of them can be persuaded to vote for members of their own class. When women were enfranchised and given the right to sit in Parliament, the first use they made of their votes was to defeat all the women candidates who stood for the freedom of the workers and had given them years of devoted and distinguished service. They elected only one woman—a titled lady of great wealth and exceptionally fascinating personality.

Now this, it is said, is human nature; and you cannot change human nature. On the other hand, it is maintained that human nature is the easiest thing in the world to change if you catch it young enough, and that the idolatry of the slave class and the arrogance of the master class are themselves entirely artificial products of education and of a propaganda that plays upon our infants long before they have left their cradles. An opposite mentality could, it is argued, be produced by a contrary education and propaganda. You can turn the point over in your mind for yourself; do not let me prejudice you one way or the other. The practical question at the bottom of it all is how the income of the whole country can best be distributed from day to day. If the earth is cultivated agriculturally in vast farms with motor ploughs and chemical fertilizers, and industrially in huge electrified factories full of machinery that a girl can handle, the product may be so great that an equal distribution of it would provide enough to give the unskilled labourers as much as managers and the men of

the scientific staff. But do not forget that when you hear tales of modern machinery enabling one girl to produce as much as a thousand men could produce in the reign of good Queen Anne, that this ^{wonderful} marvellous increase included things like needles and steel pens, and matches, which we can neither eat nor drink nor wear. Very young children will eat needles and matches cagerly—but the diet is not a nourishing one. And though we can now cultivate the sky as well as the earth, by drawing nitrogen from it to increase and improve the quality of our grass—and, consequently, of our cattle and milk and butter and eggs—Nature may have tricks up her sleeve to check us if the chemists exploit her too greedily. *have an idea*

Unit 4

And now to sum up. Wipe out from your dreams of freedom the hope of being able to do as you please all the time. For at least twelve hours of your day Nature orders you to do certain things, and will kill you if you don't do them. This leaves twelve hours for working; and here again Nature will kill you unless you either earn your living or get somebody else to earn it for you. If you live in a civilized country your freedom is restricted by the laws of the land, enforced by the police, who ^{compel} oblige you to do this and not to do that, and to pay rates and taxes. If you do not obey these laws the courts will imprison you and, if you go too far, kill you. If the laws are reasonable and are impartially administered you have no reason to complain, because they increase your freedom by protecting you against assault, highway robbery, and disorder generally. *attack*

But as society is constituted at present, there is another far more intimate compulsion on you; that of your

postion, posture, treatment, movement of certain
 depends by manipulation of the
 bones & muscles.

landlord and that of your employers. Your landlord
 may refuse to let you live on his estate if you go to
 chapel instead of to church, or if you vote for anybody
 but his nominee, or if you practise osteopathy, or if you
 open a shop. Your employer may dictate the cut, colour
 and condition of your clothes, as well as your hours of
 work. He can turn you into the street at any moment
 to join the melancholy band of lost spirits called the
 unemployed. In short, his power over you is far greater
 than that of any political dictator could possibly be.
Your only remedy at present is the trade union weapon
of the strike, which is only the old oriental device of
 starving on your enemy's doorstep until he does you
 justice. Now, as the police in this country will not allow
 you to starve on your employer's doorstep, you must
 starve on your own—if you have one. The extreme
 form of the strike—the general strike of all workers at
 the same moment—is also the extreme form of human
 folly, as, if completely carried out, it would ~~extinguish~~
 the human race in a week. And the workers would be
 the first to perish. The general strike is trade unionism
 gone mad. Sane trade unionism would never sanction
 more than one big strike at a time, with all the other
 trades working overtime to support it.

Place of
 worship.

Sadness

stupidity

ta

approval

Unit 5

Now let us put the case in figures. If you have to work
 for twelve hours a day, you have no freedom at all. If
 you work eight hours a day you have four hours a day
 to do what you like with, subject to the laws of the land
 and your possession of money enough to buy an interest-
 ing book or pay for a seat at the pictures, or, on a half-
 holiday, at a football match, or whatever your fancy

may be. But even here Nature will interfere a good deal; for if your eight hours' work has been of a hard physical kind, and when you get home you want to spend your four hours in reading my books to improve your mind, you will find yourself fast asleep in half a minute, and your mind will remain in its present benighted condition.

*without the
light of
knowledge*

I take it, then, that nine out of ten of us desire more freedom, and that this is why we listen to wireless talks about it. As long as we go on as we are—content with a vote and a dole^{quiet}—the only advice we can give one another is that of Shakespeare's Iago: 'Put money in thy purse.' But as we get very little money into our purses on pay day, and all the rest of the week other people are taking money out of it, Iago's advice is not very practical. We must change our politics before we can get what we want; and meanwhile we must stop ^{talk} gassing about freedom because the people of England in the lump don't know what freedom is—never having had any. Always call freedom by its old English name of leisure; and keep ^{loud confused noise} clamouring for more leisure and more money to enjoy it in return for an honest share of work. And let us stop singing 'Rule Britannia', until we make it true. Until we do, let us never vote for a parliamentary candidate who talks about our freedom and our love of liberty; for whatever political name he may give himself, he is sure to be at bottom an anarchist who wants to live on our labour without being taken up by the police for it as he deserves. *person who
favours
disorder*

be much interested in

And now suppose we at last win a lot more leisure and a lot more money than we are accustomed to. What are we going to do with them? I was taught in my childhood that Satan will find mischief still for idle hands to do. I have seen men come into a fortune and lose

*mean
happ*

their happiness, their health and finally their lives by it as certainly as if they had taken daily doses of rat poison instead of champagne and cigars. It is not at all easy to know what to do with leisure unless we have been brought up to it. (call attention to) *puzzling question, rid*

I will therefore leave you with a conundrum to think over. If you had your choice, would you work for eight hours a day and retire with a full pension at forty-five, or would you rather work four hours a day and keep on working until you are seventy? Now, don't send the answer to me, please! talk it over with your wife.

NOTES

chattel slavery of the negro: the old practice of sale and purchase of negroes as movable articles of property.

tramp: hobo; a homeless wanderer.

Marx: Karl Heinrich Marx (1818-83), German philosopher and social economist. He is the author of *Das Kapital* on which communism is largely based.

Saint Thomas More: Sir Thomas More (1478-1535) succeeded Wolsey as Lord Chancellor under Henry VIII, but fell into disgrace by refusing to take the oath of Supremacy. He was ultimately executed. *Utopia* is his best-known book.

Magna Carta: England's first charter of liberty granted under compulsion by King John (1167-1216).

Spanish Armada: a large fleet sent in 1588 by Philip II of Spain (1527-98) to subdue England. It was severely mauled by the British navy under the command of Lord Howard of Effingham.

King Charles: Charles I (1600-49), King of England, Scotland and Ireland. He was in continual trouble with his ministers and parliament. After the Civil War that ensued, he was beheaded on 30 January 1649.

FREEDOM

American Declaration of Independence: drafted mainly by Thomas Jefferson, it was an Act by which the American Congress, on 4 July 1776, declared the American colonies to be independent of Great Britain.

Battle of Waterloo: fought on 18 June 1815. It ended in the rout of Napoleon's troops at the hands of the British and Prussian forces led by the Duke of Wellington.

Battle of Trafalgar: in this encounter the English naval commander Horatio Nelson destroyed the French Fleet on 21 October 1805. He lost his own life in the hour of victory when a stray shell burst close to his command post on the flagship *Victory*.

Eton: English public school in the town of Eton in South Buckinghamshire on the River Thames.

New Deal: the measures taken in 1933 by President Franklin Roosevelt (1882–1945) to overcome the great economic crisis in the United States. The New Deal comprised large-scale assistance to farmers, social insurance and an ambitious programme to reduce unemployment.

Voltaire: Francois-Marie Voltaire (1694–1778), eminent French philosopher and writer.

Rousseau: Jean-Jacques Rousseau (1712–78), French philosopher, political writer and composer. He laid down the principles of government and conduct which bore fruit in the French Revolution.

Tom Paine: Thomas Paine (1737–1809), English deist and radical. He wrote *The Rights of Man* and *The Age of Reason*.

Cobbett: William Cobbett (1763–1837). In 1802 he started editing *Cobbett's Political Register*, a weekly newspaper which was at first Tory, but he altered its politics in 1804 to propagate Radicalism.

Lassalle: Ferdinand Lassalle (1825–64), founder of the German socialist movement.

Lenin: Vladimir Ilyich Lenin (1870–1924), Russian revolutionary and statesman. His faction of Russian Marxists

3 Precis

Write a precis of the following passage in your own words.

The passage can be found in Unit 4 of this lesson. It begins with 'For the fact was ...' and ends with '... dreadfully common-looking flowers.'

4 Letter Writing

Write a letter to the Director of the Education Department in your city explaining to him/her the condition of the poor children in schools. Urge him/her to provide for such children facilities like school uniform, shoes, and food and milk.

5 Composition

Write what you know in about 200 words on the following topic: 'Social relations between the rich and the poor in India'.

6 Long-Answer Questions

- i Why, in your opinion, are poor people treated in a shabby manner?
- ii Do the poor in our country face such situations as the Kelveys did? Narrate specific incidents to strengthen your point.
- iii Imagine yourself to be one of the Kelvey children. Make out a case for yourself stating your right to be treated in a better way.

Patron - a farmer

His wife -

servant -

A lady landowner -

His neighbours -

farmer from beyond Volga -

Backs -

Chief -

HOW MUCH LAND DOES A MAN NEED?

Leo Tolstoy

LEO NIKOLAYEVICH TOLSTOY (1828–1910), Russian novelist, short-story writer, religious philosopher and social reformer, was born of a family that was ranked among the most powerful nobles and rich landowners of Czarist Russia. After a gay youth, he underwent a great spiritual experience and founded a new religion, Tolstoyism. It was based upon his conviction that the whole message of Christ is that 'ye resist not evil'. The main tenets of his religion are renunciation of violence and wealth, improvement of the inner self, compassion for all living things, and abolition of governments and churches. Mahatma Gandhi, with his acceptance of the doctrine of non-resistance, became one of his most important followers.

His short stories are full of his religious fervour, and represent the union of great moral conviction and minute psychological analysis.

His best-known work is *War and Peace*; among his other works are: *Anna Karenina*, *The Death of Ivan Ilych and Other Stories*, and *Twenty-Three Tales*.

'How Much Land Does a Man Need?' is a story in the moral fable tradition. The theme of human greed and temptation is very conventional, but it is treated by Tolstoy with artistic restraint, freshness of approach and subtle irony. In spite of carrying an ethical message, the narrative is extremely effective.

Unit 1

An elder sister came to visit her younger sister in the country. The elder was married to a tradesman in town, the younger to a peasant in the village. As the sisters sat over their tea talking, the elder began to boast of the advantages of town life: saying how comfortably they lived there, how well they dressed, what fine clothes her children wore, what good things they ate and drank, and how she went to the theatre, promenades, and entertainments. *(unburdened with, she)*

like The younger sister was piqued, and in turn disparaged the life of a tradesman, and stood up for that of a peasant. *to make angry (defeat against)*

'I would not change my way of life for yours,' said she. 'We may live roughly, but at least we are free from anxiety. You live in better style than we do, but though you often earn more than you need, you are very likely to lose all you have. You know the proverb, "Loss and gain are brothers twain." It often happens that people who are wealthy one day are begging their bread the next. Our way is safer. Though a peasant's life is not a fat one, it is a long one. We shall never grow rich, but we shall always have enough to eat.'

The elder sister said sneeringly: *(proudly)*

'Enough? Yes, if you like to share with the pigs and the calves! What do you know of elegance of manners! However much your goodman may slave, you will die as you are living—on a dung heap—and your children the same.'

Well, what of that?' replied the younger. 'Of course our work is rough and coarse. But, on the other hand, it is sure, and we need not bow to anyone. But you, in your towns, are surrounded by temptations; today all

to bow

all that comes to pass

may be right, but tomorrow the Evil One may tempt your husband with cards, wine, or women, and all will go to ruin. Don't such things happen often enough?"

Pahom, the master of the house, was lying on the top of the stove and he listened to the women's chatter. *(speak)*

'It is perfectly true,' thought he. 'Busy as we are from childhood tilling *(cultivating)* mother earth, we peasants have no time *(leisure)* to let any nonsense settle in our heads. Our only trouble is that we haven't land enough. If I had plenty of land, I shouldn't fear the Devil himself!'

The women finished their tea, chatted a while about dress, and then cleared away the tea-things and lay down to sleep.

But the Devil had been sitting behind the stove, and had heard all that was said. He was pleased that the peasant's wife had led her husband into boasting, and that he had said that if he had plenty of land he would not fear the Devil himself.

'All right,' thought the Devil. 'We will have a tussle. *(fight, struggle)* I'll give you land enough; and by means of that land *(with the help of)* I will get you into my power.'

Unit 2

Close to the village there lived a lady, a small land-owner who had an estate *(land)* of about three hundred acres. She had always lived on good terms with the peasants until she engaged *(employed)* as her steward *(one who manages another's property)* an old soldier, who took to *(began)* burdening the people with fines. However careful Pahom tried to be, it happened again and again that now a horse of his got among the lady's oats, now a cow strayed into her garden, now his calves found their way into her meadows—and he always had to pay a fine.

Pahom paid up, but grumbled, and going home in a

temper, was rough with his family. All through that summer, Pahom had much trouble because of this steward, and he was even glad when winter came and the cattle had to be ^{from the} stabled. Though he ^{he was unwilling to give} grudged the fodder when they could no longer graze on the pasture-land, at least he was free from anxiety about them.

In the winter the news got about that the lady was going to sell her land and that the keeper of the inn on the high road ^{agreed to buy it} was bargaining for it. When the peasants heard this they were very much alarmed. ^(cause anxiety &c)

'Well,' thought they, 'if the innkeeper gets the land, he will worry us with fines worse than the lady's steward. We all depend on that estate.'

So the peasants went ^{on the representation of} on behalf of their Commune, and asked the lady not to sell the land to the innkeeper, offering her a better price for it themselves. The lady agreed to let them have it. Then the peasants tried to arrange for the Commune to buy the whole estate, so that it might be held by them all in common. They met twice to discuss it, but could not settle the matter; the Evil One ^{the evil one} sowed discord among them and they could not agree. So they decided to buy the land individually, each according to his means; and the lady agreed to this plan as she had to the other.

Presently Pahom heard that a neighbour of his was buying fifty acres, and that the lady had ^{given agreement} consented to accept one half in cash and to wait a year for the other half. Pahom felt envious. ^(full of ill will)

'Look at that,' thought he, 'the land is all being sold, and I shall get none of it.' So he spoke to his wife.

'Other people are buying,' said he, 'and we must also buy twenty acres or so. Life is becoming impossible. That steward is simply crushing us with his fines.'

Peasants making it possible

So they put their heads together and considered how they could manage to buy it. They had one hundred rubles laid by. They sold a colt ^{young horse} and one half of their bees, hired out one of their sons as a labourer and took his wages in advance; borrowed the rest from a brother-in-law, and so scraped together half the purchase money. ^(obtained)

Having done this, Pahom chose out a farm of forty acres, some of it wooded, ^{center with growing trees} and went to the lady to bargain for it. They came to an agreement, and he shook hands with her upon it and paid her a deposit in advance. Then they went to town and signed the deeds; he paying ^{amount} half the price down, and undertaking to pay the remainder within two years.

So now Pahom had land of his own. He borrowed seed, and sowed it on the land he had bought. The harvest was a good one, and within a year he had managed to pay off his debts both to the lady and to his brother-in-law. So he became a landowner, ploughing and sowing his own land, making hay on his own land, cutting his own trees, and feeding his cattle on his own pasture. When he went out to plough his fields, or to look at his growing corn, or at his grass-meadows, his heart would fill with joy. The grass that grew and the flowers that bloomed there seemed to him unlike any that grew elsewhere. Formerly, when he had passed by that land, it had appeared the same as any other land, but now it seemed quite different.

Unit 3

So Pahom was well-contented, and everything would have been right if the neighbouring peasants would only not have trespassed on his corn-fields and meadows. He

to intrude

appealed to them most ^{politely} civilly, but they still went on: now the Communal ^{keeper of herds} herdsman would let the village cows ^{wander} stray into his meadows, then horses from the night pasture would get among his corn. Pahom turned them out again and again, and forgave their owners, and for a long time he ^{to take action against} forbore to prosecute anyone. But at last he lost patience and complained to the District Court. He knew it was the peasants' want of land, and no evil intent on their part, that caused the trouble; but he thought:

^{pretend not to see} 'I cannot go on overlooking it or they will destroy all I have. They must be taught a lesson.' ^(warned)

^{use sb. to ear before magistrate} So he had them up, gave them one lesson, and then another, and two or three of the peasants were fined. After a time Pahom's neighbours began to bear him a grudge for this, and would now and then let their cattle on to his land on purpose. One peasant even got into Pahom's wood at night and cut down five young ^{lemon} lime trees for their bark. Pahom passing through the wood one day noticed something white. He came nearer and saw the stripped trunks lying on the ground, and close by stood the stumps where the trees had been. Pahom was furious. ^{pull off the outer covering}

^{not pull a tree left for cutting} 'If he had only cut one here and there it would have been bad enough,' thought Pahom, 'but the ^{bad man} rascal has actually cut down a whole clump. If I could only find out who did this, I would pay him out.' ^(group of trees)

^{ought to say that} He racked his brains as to who it could be. Finally he decided: 'It must be Simon—no one else could have done it.' So he went to Simon's homestead to have a look round, but he found nothing, and only had an angry scene. However, he now felt more certain than ever that Simon had done it, and he lodged a complaint.

^{where a thing is done, but on a place}

Simon was summoned. The case was tried, and retried, *give a legal decision that is not* and at the end of it all Simon was acquitted, there being no evidence against him. Pahom felt still more aggrieved, and let his anger loose upon the Elder and the Judges. *(feeling that one has good reason to complain.)*

'You let thieves grease your palm,' said he. 'If you were honest folk yourselves you would not let a thief go free.'
get out. give money unfairly.

So Pahom quarrelled with the Judges and with his neighbours. Threats to burn his building began to be uttered. So though Pahom had more land, his place in the Commune was much worse than before.

About this time a rumour got about that many people were moving to new parts.

'There's no need for me to leave my land,' thought Pahom. 'But some of the others might leave our village and then there would be more room for us. I would take over land myself and make my estate a bit bigger. I could then live more at ease. As it is, I am still too cramped to be comfortable.' *(held firm.)*

One day Pahom was sitting at home when a peasant, passing through the village, happened to call in. He was allowed to stay the night, and supper was given him. Pahom had a talk with this peasant and asked him where he came from. The stranger answered that he came from beyond the Volga, where he had been working. One word led to another, and the man went on to say that many people were settling in those parts. He told how some people from his village had settled there. They had joined the Commune, and had had twenty-five acres per man granted them. The land was so good, he said, that the rye sown on it grew as high as a horse, and so thick that five cuts of a sickle made a

of farm sheaf. One peasant, he said, had brought nothing with him but his bare hands, and now he had six horses and two cows of his own. *lit*

Pahom's heart kindled with desire. He thought: 'Why should I suffer in this narrow hole, if one can live so well elsewhere? I will sell my land and my homestead here, and with the money I will start afresh over there and get everything new. In this crowded place one is always having trouble. But I must first go and find out all about it myself.'

Towards summer he got ready and started. He went down the Volga on a steamer to Samara, then walked another three hundred miles on foot, and at last reached the place. It was just as the stranger had said. The peasants had plenty of land: every man had twenty-five acres of Communal land given him for his use, and anyone who had money could buy, besides, at two shillings an acre as much good freehold land as he wanted.

Complete ownership of land.
Having found out all he wished to know, Pahom returned home as autumn came on, and began selling off his belongings. He sold his land at a profit, sold his homestead and all his cattle, and withdrew from membership of the Commune. He only waited till the spring, and then started with his family for the new settlement. (*act of settling*)

Unit 4

use As soon as Pahom and his family reached their new abode, he applied for admission into the Commune of a large village. He stood treat to the Elders and obtained the necessary documents. Five shares of Communal land were given him for his own and his sons' use: that

is to say—125 acres (not all together, but in different fields) besides the use of the Communal pasture. Pahom ^{built} put up the buildings he needed, and bought cattle. Of the Communal land alone he had three times as much as at his former home, and the land was good cornland. He was ten times better off than he had been. He had plenty of ^{available for ploughing} arable land and pasturage, and could keep as many head of cattle as he liked.

At first, in the ^{excited activity} bustle of building and settling down, Pahom was pleased with it all, but when he got used to it he began to think that even here he had not enough land. The first year, he sowed wheat on his share of the Communal land and had a good crop. He wanted to go on sowing wheat, but had not enough Communal land for the purpose, and what he had already used was not available; for in those parts wheat is only sown ^{soil never before used for crops / ploughed but not sown} on virgin soil or on fallow land. It is sown for one or two years, and then the land lies fallow till it is again overgrown with ^{wide grassland} prairie grass. There were many who wanted such land and there was not enough for all; so that people quarrelled about it. Those who were better off wanted it for growing wheat, and those who were poor wanted it to let to dealers, so that they might raise money to pay their taxes. Pahom wanted to sow more wheat, so he rented land from a dealer for a year. He sowed much wheat and had a fine crop, but the land was too far from the village—the wheat had to be ^{carried a cart} carted more than ten miles. After a time Pahom noticed that some peasant dealers were living on separate farms and were growing wealthy; and he thought:

‘If I were to buy some freehold land and have a homestead on it, it would be a different thing altogether. Then it would all be nice and compact.’ (closely packed)

The question of buying freehold land ^{he repeated} recurred to him again and again.

He went on in the same way for three years, renting land and sowing wheat. The seasons turned out well and the crops were good, so that he began to lay money by. He might have gone on living ^{contentedly} contentedly, but he grew tired of having to rent other people's land every year, and having to ^{struggle} scramble for it. Wherever there was good land to be had, the peasants would rush for it and it was taken up at once, so that unless you were sharp about it you got none. It happened in the third year that he and a dealer together rented a piece of pasture land from some peasants; and they had already ploughed it up, when there was some dispute and the peasants went to law about it, and things fell out so that the labour was all lost. ^{leave one's place}

'If it were my own land,' thought Pahom, 'I should be independent, and there would not be all this unpleasantness.'

So Pahom began ^{selecting} looking out for land which he could buy; and he came across a peasant who had bought thirteen hundred acres, but having got into difficulties was willing to sell again cheap. Pahom bargained and ^{we} haggled with him, and at last they settled the price at 1,500 rubles, part in cash and part to be paid later. They had all but ^{settled} clinched the matter when a passing dealer happened to stop at Pahom's one day to get a feed for his horses. He drank tea with Pahom and they had a talk. The dealer said that he was just returning from the land of the Bashkirs, far away, where he had bought thirteen thousand acres of land, all for 1,000 rubles. Pahom questioned him further, and the tradesman said:

'All one need do is to make friends with the chiefs. I gave away about one hundred rubles worth of silk robes and carpets, besides a case of tea, and I gave wine to those who would drink it; and I got the land for less than a penny an acre.' And he showed Pahom the title-deeds, saying: (*document proving a title*)

'The land lies near a river, and the whole prairie is virgin soil.' *affect him constantly with questions*

Pahom plied him with questions, and the tradesman said:

'There is more land there than you could cover if you walked a year, and it all belongs to the Bashkirs. They are as simple as sheep, and land can be got almost for nothing.'

'There now,' thought Pahom, 'with my one thousand rubles, why should I get only thirteen hundred acres, and saddle myself with a debt besides? If I take it out there, I can get more than ten times as much for the money.' *make responsible*
put a heavy responsibility on.

Unit 5

Pahom inquired how to get to the place, and as soon as the tradesman ^{dealer} had left him he prepared to go there himself. He left his wife to look after the homestead, and started on his journey taking his man with him. They stopped at a town on their way and bought a case ^{container} of tea, some wine, and other presents, as the tradesman had advised. On and on they went until they had gone more than three hundred miles, and on the seventh day they came to a place where the Bashkirs had pitched ^{set} their tents. It was all just as the tradesman had said. ^{ers} The people lived on the steppes, by a river, in felt-covered ^{felt} tents. They neither tilled the ground, nor ate

bread. Their cattle and horses grazed in herds on the steppe. The colts were ^{fastened} ~~tethered~~ behind the tents, and the mares were driven to them twice a day. The mares were milked, and from the milk ^{fermented liquor made by mare's milk} ~~kumiss~~ was made. It was the women who prepared kumiss, and they also made cheese. As far as the men were concerned, drinking kumiss and tea, eating mutton, and playing on their pipes, was all they cared about. They were all stout and merry, and all the summer long they never thought of doing any work. They were quite ignorant, and knew no Russian, but were good-natured enough.

As soon as they saw Pahom, they came out of their tents and gathered round their visitor. An interpreter was found, and Pahom told them he had come about some land. The Bashkirs seemed very glad; they took Pahom and led him into one of the best tents, where they made him sit on some down ^{small bag, filled with feathers} ~~cushions~~ placed on a carpet, while they sat round him. They gave him some tea and kumiss, and had a sheep killed, and gave him mutton to eat. Pahom took presents out of his cart and distributed them among the Bashkirs, and divided the tea amongst them. The Bashkirs were delighted. They talked a great deal among themselves, and then told the interpreter to translate.

'They wish to tell you,' said the interpreter, 'that they like you, and that it is our custom to do all we can to please a guest and to ^{pay back} ~~repay~~ him for his gifts. You have given us presents, now tell us which of the things we possess please you best, that we may present them to you.'

'What pleases me best here,' answered Pahom, 'is your land. Our land is crowded and the soil is ex-

use up completely
hausted; but you have plenty of land and it is good land. I never saw the like of it.'

The interpreter translated. The Bashkirs talked among themselves for a while. Pahom could not understand what they were saying, but saw that they were much amused and that they shouted and laughed. Then they were silent and looked at Pahom while the interpreter said:

'They wish me to tell you that in return for your presents they will gladly give you as much land as you want. You have only to point it out with your hand and it is yours.'

debate
The Bashkirs talked again for a while and began to dispute. Pahom asked what they were disputing about, and the interpreter told him that some of them thought they ought to ask their Chief about the land and not act in his absence, while others thought there was no need to wait for his return.

Unit 6

While the Bashkirs were disputing, a man in a large fox-fur cap appeared on the scene. They all became silent and rose to their feet. The interpreter said, 'This is our Chief himself.'

Pahom immediately fetched the best dressing-gown *loose gown* and five pounds of tea, and offered these to the Chief. The Chief accepted them, and seated himself in the place of honour. The Bashkirs at once began telling him something. The Chief listened for a while, then made a sign with his head for them to be silent, and addressing himself to Pahom, said in Russian:

'Well, let it be so. Choose whatever piece of land you like; we have plenty of it.'

'How can I take as much as I like?' thought Pahom, 'I must get a ^{legal agreement} deed to make it secure, or else they may say, "It is yours," and afterwards may take it away again.'

'Thank you for your kind words,' he said aloud. 'You have much land, and I only want a little. But I should like to be sure which bit is mine. Could it not be measured and ^{transfer, change} made over to me? Life and death are in God's hands. You good people give it to me, but your children might wish to take it away again.'

'You are quite right,' said the Chief. 'We will make it over to you.' (*transfer*)

'I heard that a dealer had been here,' continued Pahom, 'and that you gave him a little land, too, and signed title-deeds to that effect. I should like to have it done in the same way.' (*document proving a deed*)

The Chief understood.

riter } 'Yes,' replied he, 'that can be done quite easily. We
 & } have a scribe, and we will go to town with you and have
 the deed properly sealed.' (*fastened tightly*)

'And what will be the price?' asked Pahom.

'Our price is always the same: one thousand rubles a day.'

Pahom did not understand.

'A day? What measure is that? How many acres would that be?'

Suppose, consider, calculate.
 'We do not know how to reckon it out,' said the Chief. 'We sell it by the day. As much as you can go round on your feet in a day is yours, and the price is one thousand rubles a day.'

Pahom was surprised.

'But in a day you can get round a large tract of land,' he said.

The Chief laughed.

after area
 (*part*)

'It will all be yours!' said he. 'But there is one condition: If you don't return on the same day to the spot ^{from which place} whence you started, your money is lost.'

'But how am I to mark the way that I have gone?'

'Why, we shall go to any spot you like, and stay there. You must start from that spot and make your round, taking a spade with you. Wherever you think necessary, make a mark. At every turning, dig a hole and pile up ^{ground} the ^{soil surface} turf; then afterwards we will go round with a plough from hole to hole. You may make as large a circuit as you please, but before the sun sets you must return to the place you started from. All the land you cover will be yours.'

Pahom was delighted. It was decided to start early next morning. They talked a while, and after drinking some more kumiss and eating some more mutton, they had tea again, and then the night came on. They gave Pahom a feather-bed to sleep on, and the Bashkirs dispersed for the night, promising to assemble the next morning at daybreak and ride out before sunrise to the appointed spot. (*fixed, decided*)

Unit 7

Pahom lay on the feather-bed but could not sleep. He kept thinking about the land.

'What a large tract I will mark off!' thought he. 'I can easily do thirty-five miles in a day. The days are long now, and within a circuit of thirty five miles what a lot of land there will be! I will sell the poorer land, or let it to peasants, but I'll pick out the best and farm it. I will buy two ox-teams, and hire two more labourers. About a hundred and fifty acres shall be plough-land, and I will pasture cattle on the rest.'

— garden for cattle

Pahom lay awake all night, and dozed off only just before dawn. Hardly were his eyes closed when he had a dream. He thought he was lying in that same tent and heard somebody ^{laughing} chuckling outside. He wondered who it could be, and rose and went out, and he saw the Bashkir Chief sitting in front of the tent holding his sides and rolling about with laughter. Going nearer to the Chief, Pahom asked: 'What are you laughing at?' But he saw that it was no longer the Chief, but the dealer who had recently stopped at his house and had told him about the land. Just as Pahom was going to ask, 'Have you been here long?' he saw that it was not the dealer, but the peasant who had come up from the Volga, long ago, to Pahom's old home. Then he saw that it was not the peasant either, but the Devil himself with hoofs and horns, sitting there and chuckling, and before him lay a man barefoot, prostrate on the ground, with only trousers and a shirt on. And Pahom dreamt that he looked more attentively to see what sort of a man it was that was lying there, and he saw that the man was dead, and that it was himself! He awoke horror-struck. (*horrified, frightened*)

'What things one does dream,' thought he.

Looking round he saw through the open door that the dawn was breaking.

'It's time to wake them up,' thought he. 'We ought to be starting.'

He got up, roused his man (who was sleeping in his cart), bade him harness; and went to call the Bashkirs.

'It's time to go to the steppe to measure the land,' he said. (*Make an offer of money.*)

The Bashkirs rose and assembled, and the Chief came too. Then they began drinking kumiss again,

*All the leather-work
or metal work by*

and offered Pahom some tea, but he would not wait.

'If we are to go, let us go. It is high time,' said he.

time when sth should be done at on

Unit 8

The Bashkirs got ready and they all started: some mounted on horses, and some in carts. Pahom drove in his own small cart with his servant and took a spade with him. When they reached the ^{Tianan} ^{place} steppe, the morning red was beginning to kindle. They ascended a hillock (called by the Bashkirs a *shikhan*) and dismounting from their carts and their horses, gathered in one spot. The Chief came up to Pahom and stretching out his arm towards the plain:

'See,' said he, 'all this, as far as your eye can reach, is ours. You may have any part of it you like.'

Pahom's eyes ^{shone brightly} glistened: it was all virgin soil, as flat as the palm of your hand, as black as the seed of a poppy, and in the hollows different kinds of grasses grew breast high. (*wild cultivated plant from which milky juice is obtained*)

The Chief took off his fox-fur cap, placed it on the ground and said:

'This will be the mark. Start from here, and return here again. All the land you go round shall be yours.'

Pahom took out his money and put it on the cap. Then he took off his outer coat, remaining in his sleeveless under-coat. He unfastened his ^{belt} girdle and tied it ^{belt} tight below his stomach, put a little bag of bread into the breast of his coat, and tying a flask of water to his girdle, he drew up the tops of his boots, took the spade from his man, and stood ready to start. He considered for some moments which way he had better go—it was tempting everywhere.

'No matter,' he concluded, 'I will go towards the rising sun.'

He turned his face to the east, stretched himself, and waited for the sun to appear about the rim. (*border*)

'I must lose no time,' he thought, 'and it is easier walking while it is still cool.'

The sun's rays had hardly flashed above the horizon, before Pahom, carrying the spade over his shoulder, went down into the steppe.

Pahom started walking neither slowly nor quickly. After having gone a thousand yards he stopped, dug a hole, and placed pieces of turf one on another to make it more visible. Then he went on; and now that he had walked off his stiffness he quickened his pace. After a while he dug another hole.

Pahom looked back. The hillock could be distinctly seen in the sunlight, with the people on it, and the glittering tyres of the cart-wheels. At a rough guess Pahom concluded that he had walked three miles. It was growing warmer; he took off his under-coat, flung it across his shoulder, and went on again. It had grown quite warm now; he looked at the sun, it was time to think of breakfast.

'The first shift is done, but there are four in a day, and it is too soon yet to turn. But I will just take off my boots,' said he to himself.

He sat down, took off his boots, stuck them into his girdle, and went on. It was easy walking now.

'I will go on for another three miles,' thought he, 'and then turn to the left. This spot is so fine, that it would be a pity to lose it. The further one goes, the better the land seems.'

He went straight on for a while, and when he looked

round, the hillock was scarcely visible and the people on it looked like black ants, and he could just see something glistening there in the sun.

'Ah,' thought Pahom, 'I have gone far enough in this direction, it is time to turn. Besides I am in a regular sweat, and very thirsty.'

He stopped, dug a large hole, and heaped up pieces of turf. Next he untied his flask, had a drink, and then turned sharply to the left. He went on and on; the grass was high, and it was very hot.

Pahom began to grow tired: he looked at the sun and saw that it was noon.

'Well,' he thought, 'I must have a rest.'

He sat down, and ate some bread and drank some water; but he did not lie down, thinking that if he did he might fall asleep. After sitting a little while, he went on again. At first he walked easily: the food had strengthened him; but it had become terribly hot and he felt sleepy, still he went on, thinking: 'An hour to suffer, a life-time to live.'

He went a long way in this direction also, and was about to turn to the left again, when he perceived a damp hollow: 'It would be a pity to leave that out,' he thought. ^{or plant a flax from the stem of which thread is made.} 'Flax would do well there.' So he went on past the hollow, and dug a hole on the other side of it before he turned the corner. Pahom looked towards the hillock. The heat made the air ^{misty} hazy: it seemed to be quivering, and through the haze the people on the hillock could scarcely be seen.

'Ah!' thought Pahom, 'I have made the sides too long; I must make this one shorter.' And he went along the third side, stepping faster. He looked at the sun: it was nearly half-way to the horizon, and he had not yet.

Flax = a plant from the stem of which thread is made.

done two miles of the third side of the square. He was still ten miles from the goal.

'No,' he thought, 'though it will make my land lopsided, I must hurry back in a straight line now. I might go too far, and as it is I have a great deal of land.'

So Pahom hurriedly dug a hole, and turned straight towards the hillock.

Unit 9 *→ Larger on one side than on the other.)*

Pahom went straight towards the hillock, but he now walked with difficulty. He was done up with the heat, his bare feet were cut and bruised, and his legs began to fail. He longed to rest, but it was impossible if he meant to get back before sunset. The sun waits for no man, and it was sinking lower and lower.

'Oh dear,' he thought, 'if only I have not blundered trying for too much! What if I am too late?'

He looked towards the hillock and at the sun. He was still far from his goal, and the sun was already near the rim.

Pahom walked on and on; it was very hard walking but he went quicker and quicker. He pressed on, but was still far from the place. He began running, threw away his coat, his boots, his flask, and his cap, and kept only the spade which he used as a support.

'What shall I do,' he thought again, 'I have grasped too much and ruined the whole affair. I can't get there before the sun sets.'

And this fear made him still more breathless. Pahom went on running, his soaking shirt and trousers stuck to him and his mouth was parched. His breast was working like a blacksmith's bellows, his heart was beating like a hammer, and his legs were giving way as if they did not

belong to him. Pahom was seized with terror lest he should die of the strain.

Though afraid of death, he could not stop. 'After having run all that way they will call me a fool if I stop now,' thought he. And he ran on and on, and drew near and heard the Bashkirs yelling and shouting to him, and their cries inflamed his heart still more. He gathered his last strength and ran on.

The sun was close to the rim, and cloaked in mist looked large, and red as blood. Now, yes now, it was about to set! The sun was quite low, but he was also quite near his aim. Pahom could already see the people on the hillock waving their arms to hurry him up. He could see the fox-fur cap on the ground and the money on it, and the Chief sitting on the ground holding his sides. And Pahom remembered his dream.

'There is plenty of land,' thought he, 'but will God let me live on it? I have lost my life, I have lost my life! I shall never reach that spot!'

Pahom looked at the sun, which had reached the earth: one side of it had already disappeared. With all his remaining strength he rushed on, bending his body forward so that his legs could hardly follow fast enough to keep him from falling. Just as he reached the hillock it suddenly grew dark. He looked up—the sun had already set! He gave a cry: 'All my labour has been in vain,' thought he, and was about to stop, but he heard the Bashkirs still shouting, and remembered that though to him from below, the sun seemed to have set, they on the hillock could still see it. He took a long breath and ran up the hillock. It was still light there. He reached the top and saw the cap. Before it sat the Chief laughing and holding his sides. Again Pahom remembered his

dream, and he uttered a cry: his legs gave way beneath him, he fell forward and reached the cap with his hands.

'Ah, that's a fine fellow!' exclaimed the Chief. 'He has gained much land!'

Pahom's servant came running up and tried to raise him, but he saw that blood was flowing from his mouth. Pahom was dead! *(made a sharp noise)*

The Bashkirs clicked their tongues to show their pity.

His servant picked up the spade and dug a grave long enough for Pahom to lie in, and buried him in it. Six feet from his head to his heels was all he needed.

NOTES

the Evil One: Lucifer, Satan, the Devil.

Commune: a co-operative; a plot of land held and managed by a corporation of small farmers.

Volga: river in Russia.

Samara: Kuibyshev, town on the River Volga.

Bashkirs: a nomadic tribe.

steppes: dry, treeless, grassy flat lands.

kumiss: mare's fermented milk.

scribe: notary public; a person authorized to prepare and certify deeds, contracts and copies of documents.

EXERCISES

A. COMPREHENSION

Unit 1

- i Who was the sister in the village married to?
- ✓ ii What are the advantages of town life as listed in the story?

- ✓ iii What are the three things with which the Evil One tempts men?
- iv What was it that Pahom wanted more of?
- v Who would Pahom not fear if he had more land?
- vi What would the devil get by giving Pahom enough land?

Unit 2

- i Why did the steward impose a fine on the peasants?
- ✓ ii Why did the coming of winter make Pahom glad?
- iii Who was the first to bargain for the old lady's land?
- iv Why were the peasants afraid of the innkeeper?
- v Did the peasants succeed in arranging for the Commune to buy the land?
- vi Who created differences among the peasants?
- ✓ vii How much land did Pahom decide to buy from the lady?

Unit 3

- ✓ i What trouble did the neighbouring peasants create for Pahom?
- ii Why did Pahom complain to the District Court?
- iii What was the result of Pahom's complaint?
- iv What was Pahom's plan to find the culprit?
- ✓ v Why did Pahom quarrel with the Elder and the Judges?
- vi Why was Pahom not satisfied with so much land?
- vii What did the visiting peasant tell Pahom about the land beyond the Volga?
- viii How much land could one man get there?
- ix How much did Pahom lose in selling his property?

Unit 4

- i What was the size of this home as compared to the earlier one?
- ii Why could Pahom not sow wheat on his land each time?

✓ What Einstein Did

Albert Einstein discovered one of the most important pieces of new knowledge of the twentieth century. It is a simple formula, perhaps the only formula of advanced physics that most people know: $E = mc^2$. To understand what it means we have to go back a few steps.

Einstein was born in the cathedral city of Ulm, Germany, in 1879. By the age of twelve he had determined to solve the riddle of the "huge world." Unfortunately, his grades were not good, and he left school at fifteen. He managed to begin studying again and eventually graduated from the university with a degree in mathematics in 1900. Unknown to the world, he began work as a patent examiner. Then, in four extraordinary scientific papers published in 1905, he went farther toward solving the riddle of the world than any man before him.

Any one of those papers would have made the reputation of another physicist. The first provided an explanation of Brownian motion, a previously inexplicable phenomenon involving the motion of small particles suspended in a liquid. The second paper resolved the three-centuries-old dispute about the composition of light. Einstein's paper proposed that light is composed of photons that sometimes exhibit wavelike characteristics and at other times act like particles. This cutting of the Gordian knot was not simplistic. Backed by solid mathematical reasoning, it was immediately seen as the solution of this great problem. The proposal also explained the puzzling photoelectric effect (the liberation of electrons from matter by light).

Paper number three was even more revolutionary, for it proposed what came to be called the Special Theory of Relativity. Einstein said, If we can assume that the speed of light is always the same and that the laws of nature are constant, then both time and motion are relative to the observer.

Einstein provided homely examples of his idea. In an enclosed elevator, a rider is not aware of up or down motion, except, perhaps, in his stomach if the elevator goes too fast. Passengers on two speeding trains are not aware of their overall speed but only of their relative speed, as one, going just a little faster than the other, passes slowly out of sight. Physicists did not need such examples to recognize the elegance and economy of the theory.

The theory explained many things. So did its expansion, in a paper of 1916, into what Einstein called the General Theory of Relativity. In the 1916 paper Einstein posited that gravitation is not a force, as Newton had held, but a curved field in a space-time continuum that is created by the presence of mass. The idea could be tested, he said, by measuring the deflection of starlight as it passed close to the sun during a total eclipse.

Einstein predicted twice the amount of deflection that Newton's laws predicted.

On May 29, 1919, the experiment that Einstein had called for was made by a vessel sent by the British Royal Society to the Gulf of Guinea. The announcement that Einstein had been precisely correct in his prediction came in November and immediately made him world famous. He won the Nobel Prize for Physics in 1921, but he was already the most famous scientist in the world, so much so that he was treated everywhere almost as a kind of circus freak. This displeased him, as it got in the way of his work.

One other paper had been published in 1905. In some ways it was the most important of all. An extension of the previous paper on relativity, it asked the question whether the inertia of a body depends on its energy content, and answered in the affirmative. Heretofore inertia had been held to be dependent on mass alone. Henceforth the world would have to accept the equivalence of mass and energy.

The equivalence is expressed in the famous formula, which says that E , the energy of a quantity of matter with mass m , is equal to the product of the mass and the square of the (constant) velocity of light, c . That velocity, which is also the speed of propagation of electromagnetic waves in free space, is very great: 300,000 kilometers per second. Squared, the number is enormous. In a tiny unit of matter, therefore, is imbedded a gigantic amount of energy, enough, as we learned later, to kill two hundred thousand citizens of Hiroshima with the explosion of a single bomb.

Einstein was a pacifist. He hated war and, after 1918, feared that war would soon erupt again before the world could enjoy a secure and lasting peace. He did what he could to support the ideas of world government that circulated in the interbellum era. But Einstein the peacemaker was not as influential as Einstein the physicist.

When Adolf Hitler took over Germany in 1933, Einstein renounced his German citizenship and fled to the United States. There he continued his work on the General Theory while he sought ways for the angry world to agree to begin to agree. In 1939, when word reached him that two German physicists had split the uranium atom, with a slight loss of total mass that was converted into energy, he realized that war in itself was not the only danger. And, urged by many colleagues, he sat down and wrote a letter to President Franklin D. Roosevelt (1882-1945).

No one else could have written it with such authority. The letter was simple. It described the German experiments and noted that they had been confirmed in the United States. He observed that a European war seemed to be imminent. In the circumstances the possession by Nazi Germany of a weapon based on the fission of the uranium atom could be

overwhelmingly dangerous to the rest of the world. He urged upon the president "watchfulness and, if necessary, quick action."

The president wrote a polite reply. But the warning had not fallen on deaf ears. No one told Einstein, the pacifist, but a crash program, the greatest and most expensive scientific project up to that time, was begun. Called the Manhattan Project, it was initiated with a six-thousand-dollar research allocation in February 1940. The total expense would finally grow to more than two billion dollars, the equivalent of many billions of dollars today. When America entered the war, after the Japanese attack on Pearl Harbor at the end of 1941, the pace of the research became feverish. Until 1943, the work was mainly theoretical, but by early 1945 enough progress had been made to begin plans for the test explosion of a bomb. This explosion occurred at Alamogordo Air Base south of Albuquerque, New Mexico, on July 16, 1945. The test proved completely successful, the bomb generating an explosive power equivalent to some twenty thousand tons of TNT. The bomb that would devastate Hiroshima was dropped three weeks later, on August 6.

Einstein was both happy and brokenhearted. The bomb, in the hands of Hitler, would have meant the end of freedom in the world, and the final obliteration of the Jewish people. He struggled to make the newly founded United Nations a better instrument for peace than it was, than it could be, for he feared that the bomb would be used again, and for worse reasons. He continued to work on his unified field theory, which would show how all natural laws could be expressed in a single theoretical construct, perhaps a single equation. But he had left the rest of the scientific community behind, and they increasingly relegated him to isolation. When he died in 1955, he was the only man in the world who believed that he was right about the overall structure of the universe, he who had led mankind to understand more of that structure than any scientist since Newton.

What the Bomb Taught Us

The most important thing that the atomic bomb taught us is not expressible in a formula. It is a simple fact, which we are the first human beings to know. The world is not only perishable, everyone always knew that, but human beings can destroy it with a flick of a finger.

Events have consequences. One result of the Hiroshima bomb was that the Great War came to an end. Another was that Soviet scientists undertook to make their own atomic bombs. The United States countered with a hydrogen, or thermonuclear, bomb, in which the nuclei of small atoms